Richard Corben From Creepy & Eerie!

# HEAVY METAL®

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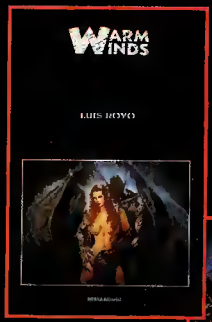
# Portfolio Madness

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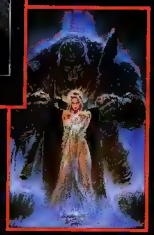

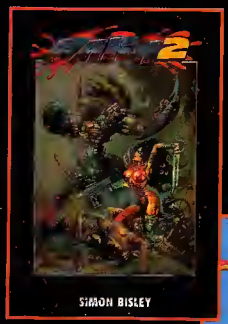


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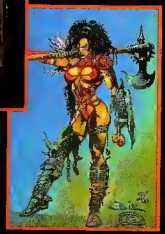

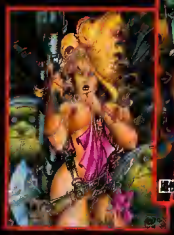

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# HEAVY METAL

A long time ago, in the late seventies, there was a chubby little kid living in a "one stop sign town" in Maine, who was getting bored with superhero comics.

One day, on a trip to the big city --- (a "one stop light town"), the heavens parted, the angels sang... and he found Heavy Metal magazine on a newsstand.

Among the glorious artwork and stories within, one artist would change the course of his life forever...

When I first saw *Rowlf* in the pages of Heavy Metal, it blew me away! The raw, powerful, erotic, original style of storytelling was a "step beyond" my earliest major influence, Jack Kirby, and I had to see more... a lot more... and now!

Fortunately I did not have to wait long as I found *Den* shortly thereafter... and I was shocked! You see what I didn't realize was there had been a gap between *Rowlf* and *Den*, where Richard had refined his skill, and turned up the volume a bit... Hell, it was off the charts! I could barely take it all in! As a hopeful artist/dreamer, I couldn't even comprehend how this level of beauty could be achieved, and was positively convinced it didn't come from a human mind, or hand! I had to have much more... and luck was on my side...

On a high school trip to Boston, a couple of pals and I snuck into a "head shop" - the only place at that time one could find alternative, adult-only comics, and I struck pure gold!

*Up From the Deep*, *Hot Stuff*, *Anomaly*, *Slow Death*, *Skull*, *Grimwit*, original versions of *Rowlf*, and so many more! It was truly the "on steroids and acid" Corben mother lode - and I nearly passed out..

The incredible freedom I found within the pages of those "undergrounds" would eventually lead me to self-publishing, make some dough, buy Heavy Metal magazine, to do this issue, to write this intro... (see, I told you it would change my life forever!).

But this tale of the Corben obsession does not end here, for little did I know I was about to discover what Richard had been doing between Rowlf and Den --- nearly five hundred pages of "premium grade-Corbadelic-masterpieces" for Warren Publishing! *Creepy*, *Eerie*, *1984*, and *Vampirella* - so much... this time I did pass out...

Which brings us to this volume. With special thanks to "The Man" himself, and the folks at Harris Publications, we've been able to collect a great selection of some of my favorites from that period.

If you're already a Corben fan, you're gonna love this book --- if you've never seen his work before, I have a suspicion you'll begin a "quest" of your own...

Enjoy!

Kip Eastman

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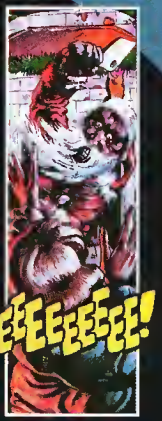


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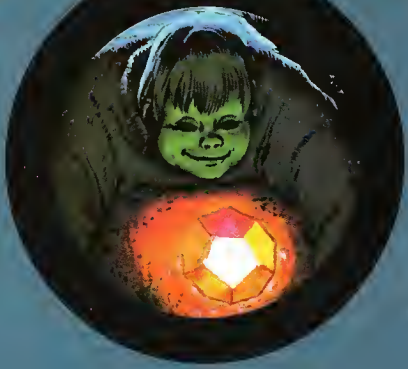

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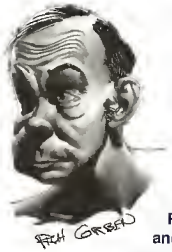
# RICHARD CORBEN'S FANTASTIC ART!

• LUSTY GRANNY •

• SPACE BUSTERS •




Richard Corben was born in rural Anderson, Missouri. For 12 years he lived in Sunflower, a small Kansas town, before moving to Kansas City, Missouri. Richard has been drawing and making films since the age of 7. His first comic series was TRAIL comics, an adventure comic featuring Trail, the dog. His early movies were 8mm clay figures fighting clay monsters.

After graduating from the Kansas City Art Institute, Richard found a job with Calvin Productions, an industrial film corporation. Most of the work consisted of film titles and technical animation. Nights and weekends, Richard drew comics for fanzines and for underground comics such as UP FROM THE DEEP and ANOMALY.

• DWELLER IN THE DARK •

• BUTTERFLY •

• WIZARDS DREAMS •

• GOING NATIVE •

• MONSTER BATTLE •

• THE THREE GRACES •

• NASTY BOOGY •

• CYCLOPS •

In the early 70's, several Corben strips began to appear in CREEPY, EERIE and VAMPIRELLA, published by Warren Publishing Company of New York. In his free time, Richard worked on his film, NEVERWHERE, starring Den, the universal hero. This film was a combination of live action and animation and has won various awards including a CINE Golden Eagle. The Den character was used in the 1981 HEAVY METAL MOVIE and also ran as a series in the HEAVY METAL magazine.

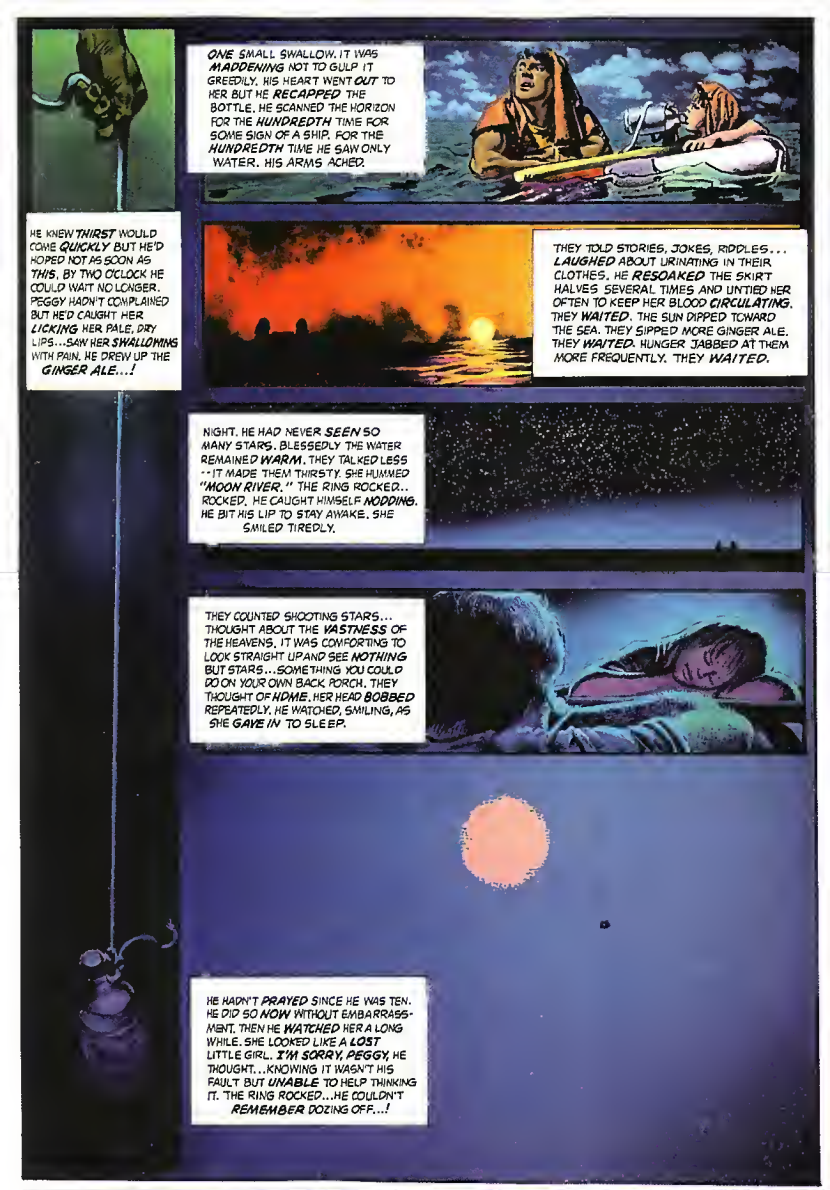
Richard's work is found on book covers, record and video covers, and movie posters.

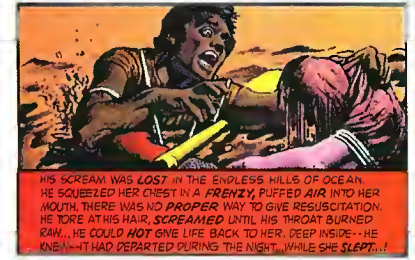
In 1980, he started his own publishing company, FANTAGOR PRESS, which published a dozen Corben books and five new comic series that have been distributed throughout the U.S., Canada and Europe.

• THE WINDOW •

STORY: BRUCE JONES/ART: RICH CORBEN COLOR: RICH CORBEN

"THEY'LL FIND US," HE SAID...NOT BELIEVING IT...NOT LETTING THE DISBELIEF SHOW IN HIS VOICE. AND THE SMALL, CALM CONVICTION OF HER REPLY ALMOST BROUGHT TEARS TO HIS EYES IN THE VASTNESS OF THEIR FUTILITY. "OF COURSE THEY WILL..."
HE CAST ABOUT FUTILELY FOR SOME KIND OF SHELTER. THERE WAS NONE. THERE HADN'T BEEN TIME TO GRAB EVEN A BLANKET OR TARP. THE BOAT HAD GONE DOWN LIKE A ROCK. HE CAUGHT HER LOOKING AT HIM..."MY SKIRT," SHE SAID.
HE LOOKED AT HIS WATCH: 10:06. THE SUN WOULD BE FULL STRENGTH IN A COUPLE OF HOURS. THAT WOULD BE THEIR FIRST PROBLEM. IF PRUDENT, THE BOTTLE OF GINGER ALE HE'D MANAGED TO GRAB SHOULD LAST THEM TWO OR THREE DAYS. BUT THE SUN.
HE SMILED AT HER AND REALIZED SUDDENLY HOW MUCH WORSE THINGS COULD BE FOR THEM WITHOUT EITHER OF THE OTHER THERE FOR COMPANY. HE MOVED AROUND THE RING AND UNZIPPED THE SKIRT FROM HER WAIST. I LOVE YOU, HE THOUGHT.
LOOPING ONE ARM ABOUT THE RING, HE TORE THE GINGHAM MATERIAL IN HALF AND DRAPED PART OF IT OVER HER HEAD AND SHOULDERS--THE OTHER HALF OVER HIS OWN. IT WAS WET AND HEAVY OUT OF THE WATER, BUT WOULD PROTECT THEM FROM THE SUN'S RAYS. HE WONDERED IMMEDIATELY HOW COLD IT WOULD GET AT NIGHT.
PEGGY COULDN'T SWIM. THE FACT WAS UPPERMOST IN HIS MIND THE MOMENT THEY'D ABANDONED SHIP. HIS VERY FIRST TASK HAD BEEN TO LASH HER ARMS AND WAIST TO THE RING, ANTICIPATING THE EVENTUAL NEED FOR SLEEP. MOVING ABOUT NOW ON THE SLIPPERY RING, HE WAS GLAD HE'D THOUGHT TO BRING THE CORD.

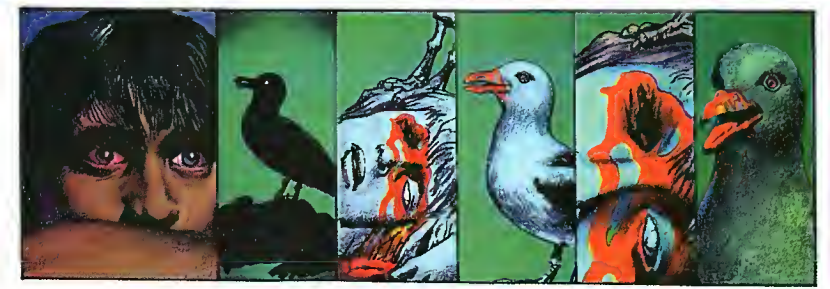

ONE SMALL SWALLOW. IT WAS MADDENING NOT TO GULP IT GREEDILY. HIS HEART WENT OUT TO HER BUT HE RECAPPED THE BOTTLE. HE SCANNED THE HORIZON FOR THE HUNDREDTH TIME FOR SOME SIGN OF A SHIP. FOR THE HUNDREDTH TIME HE SAW ONLY WATER. HIS ARMS ACHED.
HE KNEW THIRST WOULD COME QUICKLY BUT HE'D HOPED NOT AS SOON AS THIS. BY TWO O'CLOCK HE COULD WAIT NO LONGER. PEGGY HADN'T COMPLAINED BUT HE'D CAUGHT HER LICKING HER PALE, DRY LIPS...SAW HER SWALLOWING WITH PAIN. HE DREW UP THE GINGER ALE...!
THEY TOLD STORIES, JOKES, RIDDLES... LAUGHED ABOUT URINATING IN THEIR CLOTHES. HE RESOAKED THE SKIRT HALVES SEVERAL TIMES AND UNTIED HER OFTEN TO KEEP HER BLOOD CIRCULATING. THEY WAITED. THE SUN DIPPED TOWARD THE SEA. THEY SIPPED MORE GINGER ALE. THEY WAITED. HUNGER JABBED AT THEM MORE FREQUENTLY. THEY WAITED.
NIGHT. HE HAD NEVER SEEN SO MANY STARS. BLESSEDLY THE WATER REMAINED WARM. THEY TALKED LESS --IT MADE THEM THIRSTY. SHE HUMMED "MOON RIVER." THE RING ROCKED... ROCKED. HE CAUGHT HIMSELF NODDING. HE BIT HIS LIP TO STAY AWAKE. SHE SMILED TIREDLY.
THEY COUNTED SHOOTING STARS... THOUGHT ABOUT THE VASTNESS OF THE HEAVENS. IT WAS COMFORTING TO LOOK STRAIGHT UP AND SEE NOTHING BUT STARS...SOMETHING YOU COULD DO ON YOUR OWN BACK PORCH. THEY THOUGHT OF HOME. HER HEAD BOBBED REPEATEDLY. HE WATCHED, SMILING, AS SHE GAVE IN TO SLEEP.
HE HADN'T PRAYED SINCE HE WAS TEN. HE DID SO NOW WITHOUT EMBARRASSMENT. THEN HE WATCHED HER A LONG WHILE. SHE LOOKED LIKE A LOST LITTLE GIRL. I'M SORRY, PEGGY, HE THOUGHT...KNOWING IT WASN'T HIS FAULT BUT UNABLE TO HELP THINKING IT. THE RING ROCKED...HE COULDN'T REMEMBER DOZING OFF...!

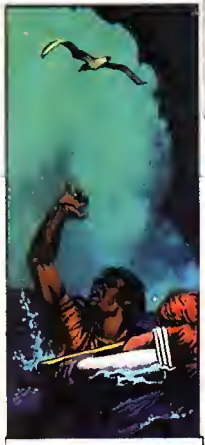


HE SLIPPED INTO A KIND OF DELIRIUM. HE KEPT IMAGINING HIMSELF LETTING LOOSE OF THE RING, SINKING QUIETLY INTO THE LIGHT GREEN, THEN DARKER GREEN, THEN PURPLE DEPTHS...GENTLY, PEACEFULLY. HE'D BLINK OPEN HIS EYES AND FIND HIMSELF STILL CLUTCHING IT SOMEHOW, PEGGY STARING AT HIM WITH DULL, LOST EYES...

HE BECAME DEAD INSIDE. HE HARDLY NOTICED THE ACHE IN HIS ARMS, IN HIS STOMACH. THE ROCKING RING MESMERIZED HIM. BUT HE GREW THIRSTY AT NOON AND HAULED UP THE GINGER ALE. TO HIS SHAME HE FOUND HIMSELF THINKING HE'D LAST TWICE AS LONG NOW...AND THEN NOT CARING...!

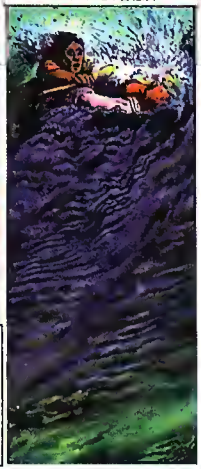
ONCE HE LOOKED UP FROM HIS STUPOR TO SEE A GULL PERCHED ON HIS WIFE'S HEAD. HIS MOUTH DROPPED OPEN AND HE HUNG THERE STARING IDIOTICALLY AT IT. THEN HE NOTICED ONE OF PEGGY'S EYES WAS MISSING AND THE DARK STAIN ON THE GULL'S BEAK. HE SCREAMED HOARSELY AND IT FLEW AWAY.



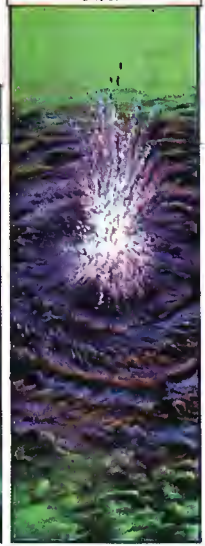


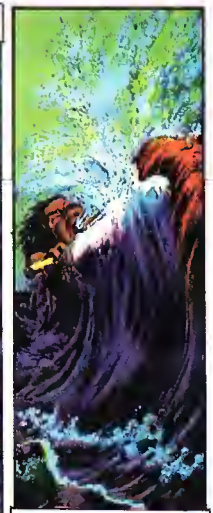
LATER HE REALIZED IT WAS A ***STUPID*** THING TO DO...HE COULD HAVE ***EATEN*** THE GULL. CAREFULLY HE ARRANGED THE ***PADDLE*** IN FRONT OF HIM AND WAITED FOR ANOTHER BIRD. NONE CAME. HE LICKED HIS LIPS. ***I DON'T CARE ANYWAY... I'M GOING TO DIE...!***

HE WAS HALF-ASLEEP IN LATE AFTERNOON WHEN THE RING ***JERKED*** VIOLENTLY ONCE. HE LOOKED UP DAZEDLY, TRYING TO ***ORGANIZE*** HIS THOUGHTS. HAD THEY ***HIT*** SOMETHING? A ***ROCK? SHORE?*** HE GAZED ABOUT... THE OCEAN WAS PLACID.



THEN THE RING PULLED HIM ***UNDER...***





HE BOBBED BACK UP, ***CHOKING*** WITH WATER, ***STILL*** HOLDING THE RING. WHAT WAS ***HAPPENING?***

BELOW HIM A DARK ***SHADOW*** GLIDED BY. ***TERROR*** GRIPPED HIM.

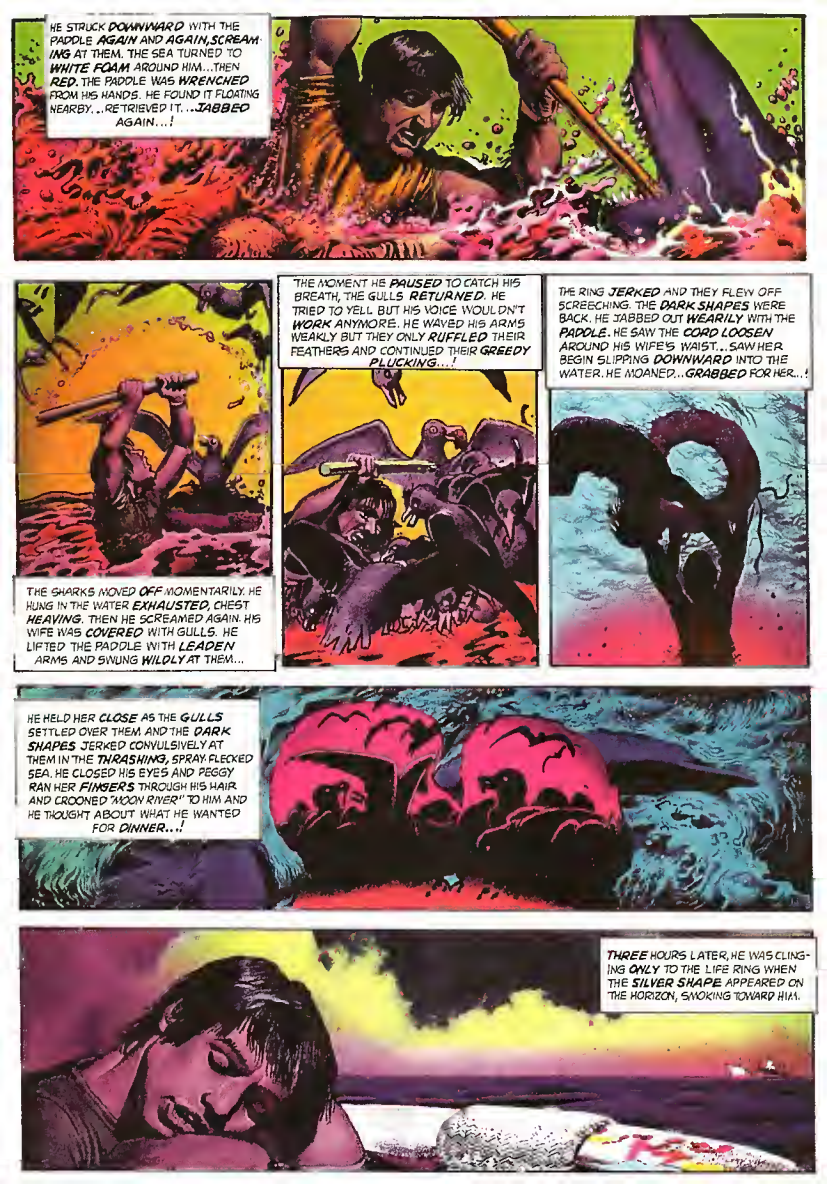
HE PULLED THE ***PADDLE*** IN FRONT OF HIM AND HUNG ON TO THE RING WITH ***ONE*** HAND, WAITING FOR THE SHADOW TO RETURN. WHEN IT DID HE PUT HIS ***FACE*** INTO THE WATER AND ***JABBED*** AT IT SAVAGELY. THE SHADOW SHOT AWAY.

A SEGE OF ***TREMORS*** SEIZED HIS BODY. HE GRIPPED THE PADDLE ***TIGHTLY***, JERKING HIS HEAD IN ALL DIRECTIONS. A HUNDRED FEET FROM HIM, A GRAY ***FIN*** SURFACED. HE HEARD HIMSELF ***WHIMPER***.

A ***DOZEN*** FEET FROM HIM THE FIN DISAPPEARED. HE OPENED HIS EYES UNDER THE STINGING SALT WATER AND JABBED AT THE ***SLEEK BLUR*** WITH THE PADDLE. HE ***MISSED***. THE RING PULLED HIM ***UNDER***.

HE SURFACED, COUGHING AND SWEARING AND SPITTING UP BILE. HE JERKED THE PADDLE ABOUT, SEARCHING WITH TEAR-FILLED EYES.
THE SHADOW LOOMED BENEATH HIM. HE WAITED THIS TIME... WAITED UNTIL THE PINK OPENING APPEARED. THEN HE JAMMED DOWN HARD. THE PADDLE STRUCK SOMETHING.
HE PULLED THE PADDLE UP. THE SMOOTH WOOD ENDED IN A JAGGED STUMP. HE WIPED AT HIS EYES AND STARED BENEATH THE SURFACE. THE SHARK WAS GONE--AS PEGGY'S LEFT LEG JUST BELOW THE KNEE. HE SCREAMED HIS FRUSTRATION, WAITING FOR THE SHARK TO RETURN. IT DIDN'T.
SUNSET SET THE ENTIRE SKY AFIRE. SOMEWHERE HIS BRAIN REGISTERED ITS BEAUTY BUT HE DIDN'T FEEL IT. THE RING ROCKED CEASELESSLY. I HAVEN'T EATEN IN TWO DAYS, HE THOUGHT... I'M DYING. IT SEEMED IMPOSSIBLE NOW THAT HE'D EVER EATEN. HE CLOSED HIS EYES AND SAW PEGGY ON THE BOW OF THEIR YACHT...
HE HUGGED THE ROCKING RING IN HIS ARMS AND THE RING BECAME PEGGY ROCKING HIM AGAINST HER BREAST, RUNNING HER NAILS THROUGH HIS HAIR, ASKING HIM WHAT HE'D LIKE FOR DINNER...
"I WANT YOU FOR DINNER," HE SAID AND SHE WAGGED A FINGER AT HIM IN MOCK REPROACHMENT AND HE TOOK THE FINGER AND KISSED IT AND HER PALM AND HER CHEEK AND HER LIPS... SOFT AND WARM AND SWEET. HE SAID, "LET'S SKIP DINNER...!"
THEY HELD EACH OTHER IN THE DARK CABIN AND SHE LOOKED UP AT HIM WITH HER LITTLE GIRL'S EYES AND PLACED HIS HAND AGAINST HER BREAST AND SAID, "FEEL MY HEART?... IT'S BEATING JUST FOR YOU... WHATEVER HAPPENS, DON'T LET ANYBODY OR ANYTHING TAKE IT FROM YOU..."

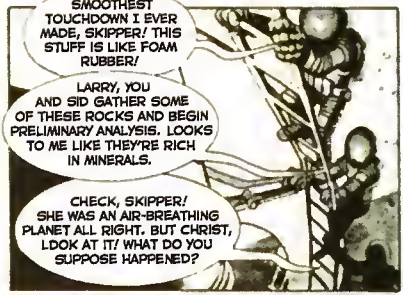
HE FELT THE SHIP SHUDDER ABRUPTLY BENEATH THEM... SAW THE SUDDEN LOOK OF FEAR IN PEGGY'S EYES. HE KNEW AGAIN THE GONY OF RUNNING BELOW DECK, THE SHOCK OF FEELING SALT WATER LAP ABOUT HIS ANKLES...
AGAIN HE RACED TO THE BOW WITH HER, SKIDDING ON THE SWAMPED DECK... AGAIN HE GRABBED THE SODA BOTTLE, THE LENGTH OF CORD, THE HEAVY LIFE RING... AGAIN HE PUSHED AWAY WITH LONG EVEN STROKES, LOOKING BACK, WATCHING THE IMPOSSIBLE HAPPENING...
A MIND-PIERCING SCREECH BROKE HIS REVERIE. HE JOLTED UP, EYES FIXING CONFUSEDLY ON HIS WIFE'S CORPSE... AS IF SHE MIGHT SUPPLY ANSWERS. HIS STOMACH TWISTED. HER FACE WAS HALF GONE. THE SKY WAS FILLED WITH GULLS...
HE GRABBED UP THE PADDLE, LOOKING DOWN AS HE DID SO. HIS SKIN GREW TIGHT. THE SEA WAS ALIVE WITH SHARKS...
AN ENORMOUS BLUE SHAPE BRUSHED PAST HIS LEG. THE RING JERKED, JARRING HIS TEETH. HE STRUCK OUT WITH THE BROKEN PADDLE. THE WATER THRASHED, FOAMED. ANOTHER SHAPE RUSHED UP BENEATH HIM. THE RING SHUDDERED, TORE FROM HIS GRASP...!
HE LURCHED THROUGH THE WATER, GASPING... CAUGHT THE RING JUST AS IT JERKED AGAIN VIOLENTLY. HE CRIED OUT... HIS VOICE LIKE A DRY RATTLE. HIS WIFE'S BODY BOBBED AND JUMPED, ARMS FLOPPING IN MUTE PROTEST. THEY WERE BUTCHERING HER...!

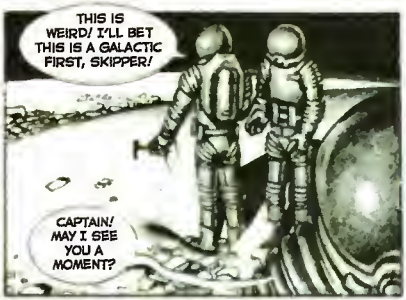

HE STRUCK DOWNWARD WITH THE PADDLE AGAIN AND AGAIN, SCREAMING AT THEM. THE SEA TURNED TO WHITE FOAM AROUND HIM...THEN RED. THE PADDLE WAS WRENCHED FROM HIS HANDS. HE FOUND IT FLOATING NEARBY...RETRIEVED IT...JABBED AGAIN...!
THE SHARKS MOVED OFF MOMENTARILY. HE HUNG IN THE WATER EXHAUSTED, CHEST HEAVING. THEN HE SCREAMED AGAIN. HIS WIFE WAS COVERED WITH GULLS. HE LIFTED THE PADDLE WITH LEADEN ARMS AND SWUNG WILDLY AT THEM...
THE MOMENT HE PAUSED TO CATCH HIS BREATH, THE GULLS RETURNED. HE TRIED TO YELL BUT HIS VOICE WOULDN'T WORK ANYMORE. HE WAVED HIS ARMS WEAKLY BUT THEY ONLY RUFFLED THEIR FEATHERS AND CONTINUED THEIR GREEDY PLUCKING...!
THE RING JERKED AND THEY FLEW OFF SCREECHING. THE DARK SHAPES WERE BACK. HE JABBED OUT WEARILY WITH THE PADDLE. HE SAW THE CORD LOOSEN AROUND HIS WIFE'S WAIST...SAW HER BEGIN SLIPPING DOWNWARD INTO THE WATER. HE MOANED...GRABBED FOR HER...!
HE HELD HER CLOSE AS THE GULLS SETTLED OVER THEM AND THE DARK SHAPES JERKED CONVULSIVELY AT THEM IN THE THRASHING, SPRAY-FLECKED SEA. HE CLOSED HIS EYES AND PEGGY RAN HER FINGERS THROUGH HIS HAIR AND CROONED "MOON RIVER" TO HIM AND HE THOUGHT ABOUT WHAT HE WANTED FOR DINNER...!
THREE HOURS LATER, HE WAS CLINGING ONLY TO THE LIFE RING WHEN THE SILVER SHAPE APPEARED ON THE HORIZON, SMOKING TOWARD HIM.

EPILOGUE

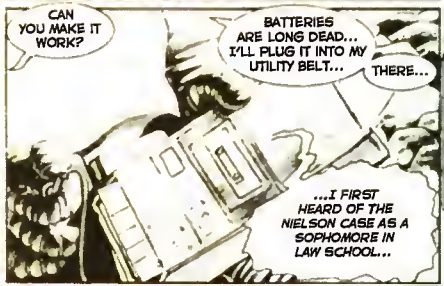
END

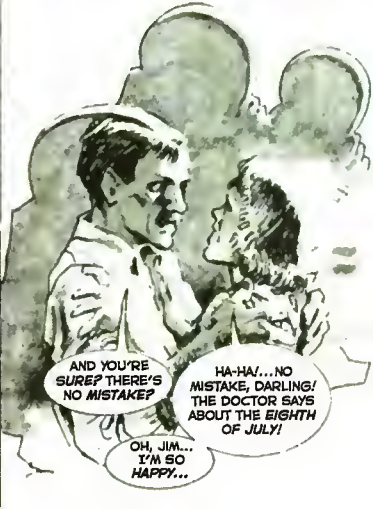
# PROLOGUE


SMOOTHEST TOUCHDOWN I EVER MADE, SKIPPER! THIS STUFF IS LIKE FOAM RUBBER!
LARRY, YOU AND SID GATHER SOME OF THESE ROCKS AND BEGIN PRELIMINARY ANALYSIS. LOOKS TO ME LIKE THEY'RE RICH IN MINERALS.
CHECK, SKIPPER! SHE WAS AN AIR-BREATHING PLANET ALL RIGHT. BUT CHRIST, LOOK AT IT! WHAT DO YOU SUPPOSE HAPPENED?


THIS IS WEIRD! I'LL BET THIS IS A GALACTIC FIRST, SKIPPER!
CAPTAIN! MAY I SEE YOU A MOMENT?

WHAT'VE YOU GOT, HASTINGS?
MECHANICAL DEVICE--PRE-22ND CENTURY STUFF. I THINK IT MAY BE SOMETHING LIKE OUR OLD TAPE RECORDERS...


CAN YOU MAKE IT WORK?
BATTERIES ARE LONG DEAD... I'LL PLUG IT INTO MY UTILITY BELT...
THERE...
...I FIRST HEARD OF THE NIELSON CASE AS A SOPHOMORE IN LAW SCHOOL...


...A FRIEND OF MINE WAS LIVING IN THE SAME BUILDING THE NIELSON FAMILY OCCUPIED PRIOR TO RACHEL NIELSON'S BIRTH...
AND YOU'RE SURE? THERE'S NO MISTAKE?
HA-HA!...NO MISTAKE, DARLING! THE DOCTOR SAYS ABOUT THE EIGHTH OF JULY!
OH, JIM... I'M SO HAPPY...

I FOUND OUT FROM MR. NIELSON LATER, THAT HIS WIFE, SARAH WAS IN LABOR ONLY *THREE WEEKS AFTER* CONCEPTION...

DARLING WHAT IS IT?

JIM, PLEASE... :GASP:...CALL THE *HOSPITAL*...:GASP:... IT'S *STARTED!*

OH, GOD!... IT *HURTS! IT HURTS!*

I KNOW IT'S *IMPOSSIBLE*, BUT I TELL YOU—

EEEE!

# YOU'RE A BIG GIRL NOW

MR. NIELSON DIDN'T HAVE A *CAR*. BY THE TIME THE *AMBULANCE* GOT THERE IT WAS LONG *OVER* WITH. THEY SAY THAT EVEN THE *CALLOUSED* AMBULANCE CREW GOT *SICK* AT THE *SIGHT*.

:CHOKE:... GOOD LORD!

WAHHH... WAHHH... WAHHH...

SCENARIO: BRUCE JONES DESSIN: RICH CORBEN.

I BECAME FASCINATED. BEFORE I KNEW IT I HAD *DROPPED* LAW SCHOOL AND GOTTEN A JOB WITH THE TIMES...

THIRTY-TWO POUNDS AT BIRTH, MR. LOWERY. SHE CRACKED THE PELVIC BONE AND RUPTURED THE UTERUS. THE *MOTHER BLED TO DEATH.* LARGEST AND *STRONGEST* BABY ON *RECORD.* A PHYSIOLOGICAL *FREAK...*

...YES, I KNOW...SHE'S QUITE *BEAUTIFUL.*

AND RACHEL'S FATHER?

*HATES* HER. BLAMES HER ENTIRELY FOR HIS *WIFE'S* DEATH. STICKY PROBLEM THERE...HE'LL MAKE A MISERABLE FATHER YET HE WON'T HAVE THE CHILD *ADOPTED.* INSISTS ON RAISING HER HIMSELF. I DON'T LIKE IT.

I WAS ONE OF THE FEW *PRIVILEGED* TO VISIT THE CHILD, AND ONLY BECAUSE THE TIMES WAS PAYING MR. NIELSON FOR AN *INTERVIEW.* HE'D BECOME RECLUSIVE. HIS BITTERNESS AND RESENTMENT FOR RACHEL DOMINATED HIS *ENTIRE* EXISTENCE. HE LOST HIS JOB, MOVED INTO A RUNDOWN HOTEL, LIVED IN FILTH...

...BUT HER CLOTHING...SURELY YOU'LL AGREE SHE NEEDS *NEW* CLOTHING!

SHE'LL GET BY WITH WHAT SHE'S GOT. BETTER LEAVE NOW, MR. LOWERY. SHE'S GETTIN' TIRED...

I COMPLAINED BUT EVERY TIME THE BUREAU OF CHILD ABUSE CAME, HE WOULD BRING THINGS UP TO STANDARDS UNTIL THEY COOLED OFF. AND 'THOUGH HE SHOWED NO *LOVE* TOWARD RACHEL, SHE COULD NOT *BEAR* TO BE OUT OF HIS SIGHT...

I'M JUST GOING DOWN TO THE LIQUOR STORE... *LEGGO!* YA BRAT!

RACHEL *GREW* AS NO CHILD EVER GREW. IT WOULD HAVE BEEN *GROTESQUE, OBSCENE...* IF NOT FOR HER STARTLING *BEAUTY...*

...WHEN YOU HAVE THE *ANSWER,* STAND AND RECI--RACHEL, *NO!*

CRACK!

I...I'M SORRY, MISS WIGGINS...

NEVER MIND, DEAR... JUST...REGAIN YOUR SEAT, PLEASE...

OH, DADDY! *LOOK!* WHAT IS IT?

WAZZAT?

OH...IT'S JUST THE STATUE OF LIBERTY, FER CHRISSAKE! DON'T THEY *TEACH* YOU ANYTHING IN SCHOOL?

CAN WE GO *VISIT* HER SOMEDAY, DADDY? *CAN WE?* I'VE NEVER MET A LADY *BIGGER* THAN ME!

YEAH, YEAH... SURE, SURE! NOW *SHADDUP* WILL YA? YER MAKIN' ME *DEAF* WITH THAT *BELLOWIN'!*

THOSE WERE *TERRIBLE* YEARS FOR RACHEL, UGLY YEARS. MY HEART WENT OUT TO HER BUT MY HANDS WERE *TIED*. WHEN SHE WAS EIGHT, HER FATHER SIGNED A CONTRACT WITH MADISON SQUARE GARDEN.

GET YER SOUVENIR PROGRAM BOOK! ALL ABOUT THE FEMALE *PAUL BUNYAN!* ONE DOLLAR! *GET 'EM HERE!*

AT NIGHT SHE WAS *LOCKED* IN LIKE AN ANIMAL. IT WOULDN'T OO TO HAVE HER STROLLING ABOUT THE STREETS GIVING *FREE* PERFORMANCES. SHE GREW *PALE*. I COULD HARDLY BEAR TO VISIT HER ANYMORE...

THANK YOU FOR THE *BOOKS*, MR. LOWERY. WE MADE *TEN THOUSAND* DOLLARS LAST WEEK! DADDY CAN *RETIRE* SOON! ISN'T THAT WONDERFUL?

WHY THE *CHAIN*, RACHEL? WHY OO THEY KEEP YOU HERE?

OH, THAT'S JUST IN CASE I *ROLL* OVER IN MY OVER IN *MY SLEEP!* HAVE YOU HEARD ANY MORE FROM THE DOCTORS, MR. LOWERY? DO THEY KNOW WHEN I'LL *STOP* GROWING?

I...I HAVEN'T HEARD A THING YET, HONEY. THEY'RE *WORKING* ON IT...!

"WORKING ON IT." ALL THEY DID WAS WORK ON IT. AND NOT ONCE DID THEY COME CLOSE TO A *REAL* ANSWER...

IT'S NOT ACROMEGALY, MR. LOWERY AND HER PITUITARY GLAND FUNCTIONS *NORMALLY*. SHE'S GROWING *PROPORTIONATELY!* IT'S UNPRECEDENTED. QUITE FRANKLY, WE'RE NO CLOSER NOW THAN WHEN WE FIRST BEGAN ANALYSIS... SORRY...

MONTHS PASSED. *WAR* BROKE OUT AGAIN IN EUROPE. THE TIMES SENT ME AWAY TO COVER IT. I TRIED TO *WRITE* RACHEL EVERY WEEK BUT THERE NEVER SEEMED TO BE ENOUGH TIME. IT SEEMED LIKE *YEARS* BEFORE I SAW THE NEW YORK *SKYLINE* AGAIN...

THE *GIANT GIRL?* OH, SHE CLOSED MONTHS AGO...YEAH, WASN'T PULLIN' 'EM IN ANYMORE. PEOPLE ONLY WANNA LOOK *ONCE* AT A FREAK, Y'KNOW.

*HEY!* KEEP THAT IN LINE!

NOW? UH... LET'S SEE...I THINK HER OLD MAN TOOK HER SOMEWHERE OUT *WEST*. WAS IT UTAH OR ARIZONA? PITY. GONNA BE *HARD* ON 'EM. YOU KNOW WHAT IT TAKES TO *FEED* THAT *GOLIATH EVERY DAY?*

THE LEFT, *STUPID!* THE ZEBRAS GO ON THE *LEFT!*

I FOUND HER AT *LAST* ON A SMALL *ISLAND* OFF THE PACIFIC COAST... A PLACE FAR AWAY FROM *CURIOSITY* SEEKERS...

HELLO STRANGER ...

MR. LOWERY! IT'S BEEN *AGES!* GOSH, IT'S GOOD TO SEE YOU!

AND YOU BROUGHT *BOOKS!* HOW SWEET! I'M AFRAID THE PRINT'S TOO *SMALL* FOR ME NOW, BUT I DO APPRECIATE THE THOUGHT!

YOU LOOK WONDERFUL RACHEL! YOU'VE *GROWN!*... I MEAN--

IT'S OKAY-- I KNOW WHAT YOU MEAN. AND THANK YOU FOR THE COMPLIMENT.

KIND OF A *WASTE,* THOUGH, ISN'T IT?--HAVING A PRETTY *FIGURE,* I MEAN. FOR ALL THE GOOD IT WILL EVER DO ME, I MAY AS WELL BE *FAT* AND *UGLY.*

YOU *MUSN'T* THINK LIKE THAT, RACHEL..

OH, I DON'T... NOT OFTEN, ANYWAY. I KEEP BUSY-- JUST ROUNDING UP THREE *MEALS* IS A FULL TIME TASK.

AND I HAVE MY *FRIENDS...*

*FRIENDS?*

THIS IS CECIL AND THE SHY ONE, HERE, IS GRETA. I TRIED TO *IGNORE* THE FACT THAT THEIR *LOYALTY* IS BASED ENTIRELY ON MY WILLINGNESS TO KEEP THEM CLEAN OF *BARNACLES.* BESIDES WHO ELSE IN THE WORLD CAN CLAIM TO HAVE A *PET WHALE?*

FATHER *OIED.* DID YOU HEAR?

NO. I DIDN'T. I'M SO SORRY...

ARE...YOU VERY *LONELY,* HONEY?

NO LONELIER THAN WHEN HE WAS ALIVE. THE ONLY DIFFERENCE IS THAT I USED TO WAKE UP EVERY MORNING AND HOPE HE'D *FORGIVE* ME FOR *KILLING* MOTHER. NOW I JUST WAKE UP EVERY MORNING...

WELL, NOW YOU CAN WAKE UP AND LOOK AT *ME.* THE TIMES IS STILL INTERESTED IN *YOU.* THEY'RE PAYING ME TO DO YOUR *LIFE STORY* AS A SERIES OF ARTICLES. IF YOU'RE INTERESTED...

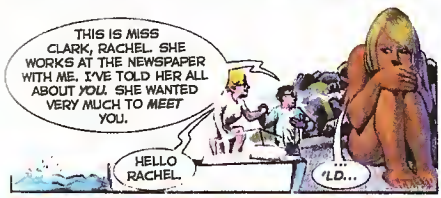
OH, THAT SOUNDS *MARVELOUS!* I'VE MISSED YOUR VISITS, MR. LOWERY, MORE THAN I *REALIZED!*

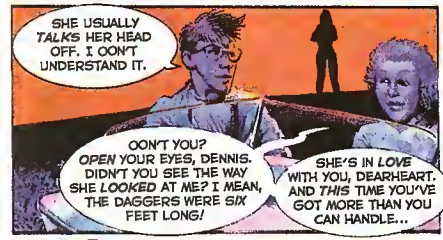
HAVE YOU HAD BREAKFAST? I MAKE A MEAN FRIED *FLOUNDER.*

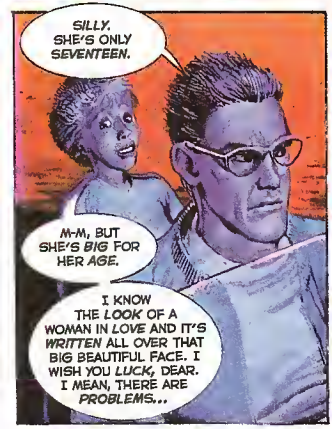
LOOKING BACK ON IT, I THINK IT WAS DURING THOSE WEEKS I INTERVIEWED HER THAT RACHEL APPEARED THE *HAPPIEST* IN HER LIFE. WE SPENT HOUR AFTER HOUR TOGETHER. SHE SEEMED *ANXIOUS* TO TELL HER STORY--ALMOST *DESPERATE*. A NEVER-ENDING TORRENT OF WORDS POURED FROM HER, FILLED WITH HER MARVELOUSLY UNIQUE WAY OF LOOKING AT THE WORLD...

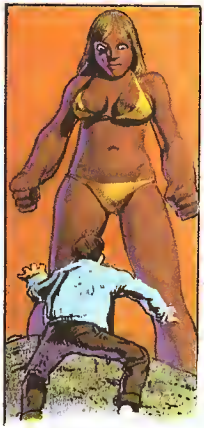
ON CLEAR NIGHTS I SOMETIMES *SWIM* FAR OUT TO SEA AND FLOAT ON *MY* BACK AND LOOK UP AT THE *STARS*. IT MAKES ME FEEL *SMALL*... VULNERABLE. VULNERABILITY IS A *WONDERFUL* THING...

I SHOULD HAVE REALIZED WHAT WAS HAPPENING TO RACHEL BUT I WAS TOO *CLOSE* TO THE SITUATION. THAT WAS *PRECISELY* THE PROBLEM...I WAS CLOSER THAN *ANYONE* HAD BEEN BEFORE...



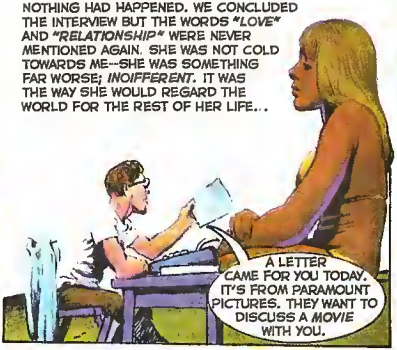




I BLAME MYSELF ALONE. WHATEVER CHANCE RACHEL HAD FOR A HAPPY, *NORMAL* LIFE, I DASHED TO PIECES AS SURELY AS SHE'D DESTROYED THE SAND CASTLE. IF SHE HADN'T LOOKED UPON HERSELF AS A *FREAK* UNTIL THEN, THERE WAS NO QUESTION SHE DID SO *NOW*. NOTHING I COULD SAY OR DO WOULD EVER *ERASE* HER MEMORY OF THAT LOOK OF FEAR IN MY EYES...

IT WAS IN THAT MOMENT, THAT SUDDEN OUTBREAK OF *ANGER* THAT I FIRST REALIZED RACHEL'S TERRIBLE POTENTIAL FOR *DESTRUCTION*. I COULDN'T HIDE THE LOOK IN TIME ON MY PALING FACE. RACHEL SAW IT TOO--THE LOOK OF *FEAR*...

THE NEXT DAY SHE ACTED AS THOUGH NOTHING HAD HAPPENED. WE CONCLUDED THE INTERVIEW BUT THE WORDS *"LOVE"* AND *"RELATIONSHIP"* WERE NEVER MENTIONED AGAIN. SHE WAS NOT COLD TOWARDS ME--SHE WAS SOMETHING FAR WORSE; *INDIFFERENT*. IT WAS THE WAY SHE WOULD REGARD THE WORLD FOR THE REST OF HER LIFE...

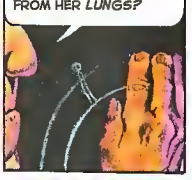



I WAS *AGAINST* THE MOVIE DEAL FROM THE START BUT NOW THAT NEWSPAPER ARTICLES WERE *DONE* I KNEW SHE COULD USE THE *MONEY*. RACHEL WAS BEING EXPLOITED AGAIN, ONLY THIS TIME SHE WAS *OLD* ENOUGH TO KNOW IT. SADLY, SHE WAS SIMPLY BEYOND *CARING*...

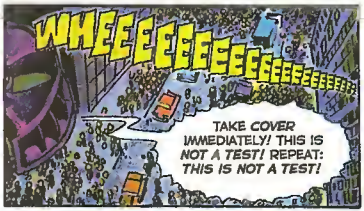
MORE THAN THE HEIGHT OF *POOR* TASTE, THE PICTURE WAS THE FINAL STRAW THAT *BROKE* WHATEVER DIGNITY AND SELF-ESTEEM RACHEL HAD LEFT TO HER. THE WORLD REGARDED HER TOTALLY AS A *FREAK* NOW... AND SHE WAS *QUICK* TO OBLIGE THEM...

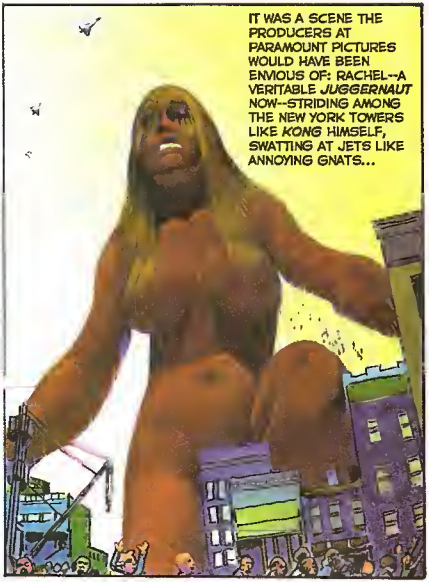
WHEN THE MOVIE WAS *COMPLETED*, SHE WENT AWAY. I NEVER *SPOKE* TO HER AGAIN. SHE BECAME AN *OUTCAST*, HIDING OUT SOMEWHERE ON ANOTHER ISLAND NEAR THE ARCHIPELAGO. SHE WAS NOW *19* YEARS OF AGE. BY NORMAL BIOLOGICAL STANDARDS HER GROWTH PROCESS SHOULD HAVE *LEVELED* OFF. THERE WERE THOSE WHO QUESTIONED IF IT WOULD...

ACCORDING TO OUR CALCULATIONS, SHE WILL HAVE BROKEN INTO THE *IONOSPHERE* IN APPROXIMATELY *SIX* MONTHS. AS YOU KNOW, IT IS AN EXCEEDINGLY THIN LAYER JUST ABOVE THE *EARTH* AND IS ABSOLUTELY NECESSARY FOR OUR *EXISTENCE* HERE. WHAT DO YOU SUPPOSE WOULD HAPPEN TO IT IF IT WERE SUDDENLY *ASSAULTED* WITH TONS OF *CARBON* FROM HER *LUNGS?*



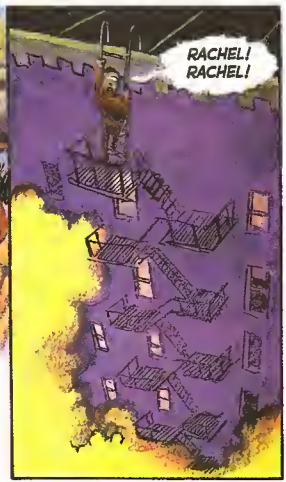
THE INEVITABLE WAS APPROACHING RAPIDLY. RACHEL NIELSON WOULD HAVE TO BE DONE AWAY WITH. I TRIED TO CONTACT HER--TO WARN HER. BUT RACHEL SAVED US ALL THE TROUBLE...SHE CAME TO US...



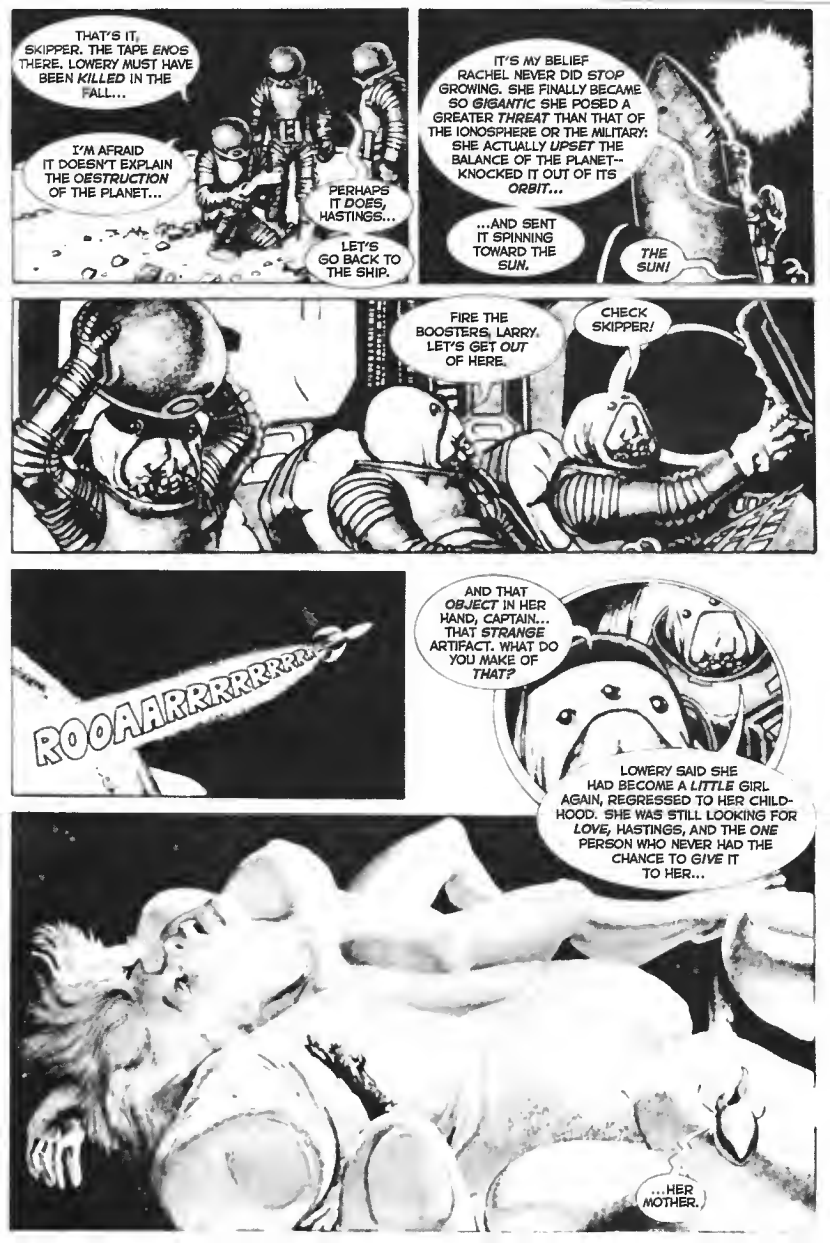



MIDTOWN WENT DOWN UNDER HER ONSLAUGHT LIKE A SERIES OF BOWLING PINS, AND THOUGH SHE WAS BEING BOMBARDED WITH ICBM MISSILES, TACTICALLY SHE HELD THE UPPER HAND: THE PLANES COULDN'T FIRE A MAJOR WARHEAD WITHOUT THREATENING THOUSANDS OF LIVES...

WHEN I SAW THAT SHE WAS HEADING TOWARD MY BUILDING, I BROKE FREE OF THE GUARDS AND SCRAMBLED TO THE ROOF. BY THEN, THE ENTIRE ISLAND WAS A FLAMING HOLOCAUST...



THE ROOFTOP WAS LIKE AN *ERUPTING* NIGHTMARE. I *SCREAMED* AND WAVED BUT THE *ROAR* OF THE MISSILES DROWNED ME OUT. I HAD TO *REACH* HER—TO MAKE HER UNDERSTAND HOW I FELT...
RACHEL! RACHEL!
...MOTHER... MOTHER...
SHE TURNED ONCE AND LOOKED *DIRECTLY* INTO *MY* EYES. THERE WAS *NO* RECOGNITION IN THEM. IT WAS THEN I REALIZED THAT COMING TO NEW YORK WASN'T A TACTICAL *MOVE* ON HER PART AT ALL...
PERHAPS IT WAS *LACK* OF *OXYGEN* FROM HER CONSTANTLY *INCREASING* HEIGHT--OR MAYBE THE INCREDIBLE PRESSURE SHE'D BEEN UNDER WAS FINALLY TAKING ITS TOLL ON HER *FRAGILE* BRAIN. WHATEVER THE REASON, HER MIND WAS IN *COLLAPSE*—SHE HAD REVERTED BACK TO THE DAYS OF HER *CHILDHOOD*...
...MOTHER... MOTHER...
...AND SHE WAS *SEARCHING* FOR SOMETHING...
...MOTHER!
BOOM!


THAT'S IT, SKIPPER. THE TAPE *ENDS* THERE. LOWERY MUST HAVE BEEN *KILLED* IN THE FALL...
I'M AFRAID IT DOESN'T EXPLAIN THE *DESTRUCTION* OF THE PLANET...
PERHAPS IT *DOES*, HASTINGS...
LET'S GO BACK TO THE SHIP.
IT'S *MY* BELIEF RACHEL NEVER DID *STOP* GROWING. SHE FINALLY BECAME SO *GIGANTIC* SHE POSED A GREATER *THREAT* THAN THAT OF THE IONOSPHERE OR THE MILITARY: SHE ACTUALLY *UPSET* THE BALANCE OF THE PLANET--KNOCKED IT OUT OF ITS *ORBIT*...
...AND SENT IT SPINNING TOWARD THE *SUN*.
*THE SUN!*
FIRE THE BOOSTERS, LARRY. LET'S GET *OUT* OF HERE.
CHECK SKIPPER!
ROOAARRRRRRRR
AND THAT *OBJECT* IN HER HAND, CAPTAIN... THAT *STRANGE* ARTIFACT. WHAT DO YOU MAKE OF *THAT?*
LOWERY SAID SHE HAD BECOME A *LITTLE* GIRL AGAIN, REGRESSED TO HER CHILDHOOD. SHE WAS STILL LOOKING FOR *LOVE*, HASTINGS, AND THE *ONE* PERSON WHO NEVER HAD THE CHANCE TO *GIVE* IT TO HER...
...HER *MOTHER*.

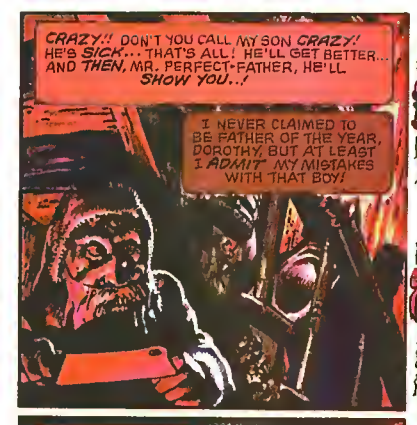
HUH?
SANTA CLAUS?
EEEEEEEEE!
EEEEEEEEEEEEEEE!
NYPD
OHMIGOD!

# Bless Us, Father...

STORY: BILL DuBAY / ART: RICH CORBEN

POOR RANDDLPH! HE'S TRIED SO HARD TO MAKE FRIENDS!
HE'S ALWAYS BEEN A MAMA'S-BOY DDROTHY!
MOMMY, HOWCUM DADDY DOESN'T LIVE WITH US ANYMORE?
WHEN YOU GET TO BE A BIG GIRL, MOMMY'LL EXPLAIN IT ALL TO YOU, BABY!
GOT AN-OTHER CHRISTMAS-KILLER FOR YOU, WILLY!
A REAL ZINGO! ESCAPED FROM THE NUT HOUSE LAST NIGHT!
THE KIDS IN SCHOOL ALWAYS LAUGHED AT HIM FOR THE WAY I USED TO DRESS HIM... FOR THE WAY I LOOKED AFTER HIM...!
SISSY THEY USED TO CALL HIM!
I MISS HIM, MOMMY! WHY DID HE LEAVE?
DADDY HAD TO FORGET, HONEY!
CHOPPED-UP A WOMAN OVER ON THE WEST SIDE, NOT FAR FROM HERE!
THOSE RUFFIANS ALWAYS TREATED POOR RANDOLPH SO MEAN!
HE HATED YOU FOR THAT, DOROTHY! BLAMED YOU FOR NOT LETTING HIM HAVE ANY FRIENDS!
HOWCUM DADDY CAN'T COME TO SEE ME...IT'S CHRISTMAS...!
DADDY LIVES FAR AWAY NOW, IN A BIG CITY CALLED NEW YORK!
ONE OF THE BOYS GOT A LOOK AT HIM! DRESSED UP LIKE A SIDEWALK-SANTA, AS USUAL...
...EVEN HAD THE USUAL MEAT AXE FOR HIS WORK!

LIAR! HE ALWAYS LOVED ME! THAT'S WHY WE'VE BEEN SO CLOSE..!
HE'D KILL YOU IF HE HAD THE GUTS!
IS NEWYORK PRETTY LIKE SAM FRANCISCO, MOMMY?
NEW YORK IS A BIG, LONELY PLACE, BABY!
THINGS LIKE THIS JUST DON'T HAPPEN WHERE I COME FROM!
THEY ONLY HAPPEN HERE ON CHRISTMAS... JUST LIKE CLOCK-WORK!
WATCH OUT FOR HIM, WILLY..!
NYPC
IT'S YOU HE'S ALWAYS HATED! THE WAY YOU'VE ALWAYS YELLED AT ME.. ALWAYS BEAT ME!
THE ONLY THING HE COULDN'T STAND WAS YOUR NAGGING! POOR KID, IT'S NO WONDER HE TURNED OUT LIKE HE DID!
YOU'RE ALWAYS DRUNK ON CHRISTMAS, DICK! YOU'RE A BUM!
YOU MEAN NOBODY LIVES THERE?
NOT EXACTLY, LOVER! SO MANY PEOPLE LIVE THERE THAT IT'S HARD FOR THEM ALL TO GET ALONG!
DAMN! WHY DOES A THING LIKE THIS HAVE TO HAPPEN ON CHRIST-MAS!
WHY CAN'T PEOPLE GET ALONG?
ALWAYS YOU BLAME ME FOR RANDOLPH'S SICKNESS! I DO MY BEST AND THIS IS THE THANKS I GET!
SHADDUP DOROTHY! I'M SICK OF HEARING WHAT A GREAT MOTHER YOU'VE BEEN TO THAT CRAZY...
SLAM!
YOU MEAN THEY FIGHT LIKE YOU AND DADDY USED TO...?
WELL...
YOU BEEN SCREECHIN' AT ME FOR TWENTY-ODD YEARS, WOMAN... I'VE HAD IT...


CRAZY!! DON'T YOU CALL MY SON CRAZY! HE'S SICK... THAT'S ALL! HE'LL GET BETTER... AND THEN, MR. PERFECT-FATHER, HE'LL SHOW YOU...!
I NEVER CLAIMED TO BE FATHER OF THE YEAR, DOROTHY, BUT AT LEAST I ADMIT MY MISTAKES WITH THAT BOY!

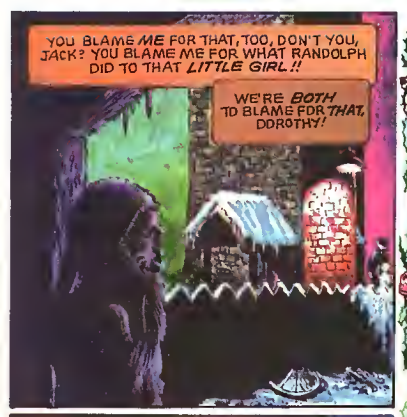
...LITTLE GIRLS SHOULDN'T BE SO INQUISITIVE!
C'MON GIRLIE... WE JUST WANT YOU TO SPREAD A LITTLE CHRISTMAS CHEER...

AH... FINALLY YOU ADMIT YOU'RE TO BLAME FOR THE WAY RANDOLPH IS!
MY ONLY MISTAKE WAS TO PICK YOU AS HIS MOTHER! HE KEPT SO MUCH HATE LOCKED INSIDE HIM... JUST AS YOU KEPT HIM LOCKED IN HERE! OH, HOW HE LOATHED YOU, DOROTHY!

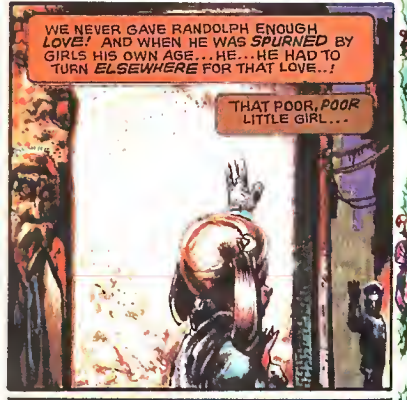
IS DADDY HAPPY IN NEWWORK, MOMMY?

HE HATES YOU!
I DON'T DENY THAT, DOROTHY! HE'D KILL ME IF HE WASN'T LOCKED UP IN THAT PLACE...!

YOUR FATHER ALWAYS HAD A GOOD TIME, BABY!


YOU BLAME ME FOR THAT, TOO, DON'T YOU, JACK? YOU BLAME ME FOR WHAT RANDOLPH DID TO THAT LITTLE GIRL!!
WE'RE BOTH TO BLAME FOR THAT, DOROTHY!

MOMMY, YOU AND DADDY AREN'T MARRIED ANYMORE, ARE YOU?
DO ALL FIVE-YEAR OLDS ASK AS MANY QUESTIONS AS YOU, SWEETHEART?


WE NEVER GAVE RANDOLPH ENOUGH LOVE! AND WHEN HE WAS SPURNED BY GIRLS HIS OWN AGE...HE...HE HAD TO TURN ELSEWHERE FOR THAT LOVE..!
THAT POOR, POOR LITTLE GIRL...

DANIELLE'S MOMMY AND DADDY GOT A DIVORCE, TOO...
AND DANIELLE SAYS THAT MEANS SHE DON'T HAVE A DADDY NO MORE!

RANDOLPH'S CLOUDED MIND MUST BE BLAMING HER FOR WHERE HE IS TODAY ...LOCKED IN THAT INSTITUTION!
IT'S OUR FAULT, DOROTHY...OUR FAULT AS PARENTS..!

IS DADDY STILL MY DADDY, MOMMY?
OH, BABY! OF COURSE HE IS! JUST BECAUSE DADDY IS NO LONGER MARRIED TO MOMMY DOESN'T M...MEAN...
EEEEEEEEEE!

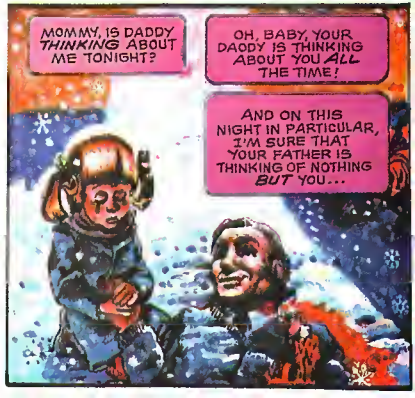
DO YOU THINK RANDOLPH IS HAVING A GOOD CHRISTMAS, JACK?
IF HE WASN'T, HE'D FIND A WAY TO COME HOME TO US, DOROTHY!

MUMMY, WHY ARE YOU CRYING?
I...IT'S NOTHING, BABY. ON DAYS LIKE THIS...YOUR MOTHER JUST WONDERS IF SHE DID THE RIGHT THING...

I'M GLAD HE'S HAPPY FOR ONCE, JACK!
IT'S BEEN SO SELDOM THAT POOR RANDOLPH HAS EVER BEEN ABLE TO BE HAPPY!

I DON'T UNDERSTAND, MOMMY!
YOU WILL SOMEDAY, LITTLE ONE...
...SOMEDAY...

WE HAVE TO LIVE WITH THAT, DOROTHY! WHEN PARENTS FAIL, THEY HAVE TO LIVE WITH THAT UNTIL THE DAY THEY DIE..!!
BANG!
BANG!
BANG!


MOMMY, IS DADDY THINKING ABOUT ME TONIGHT?
OH, BABY, YOUR DADDY IS THINKING ABOUT YOU ALL THE TIME!
AND ON THIS NIGHT IN PARTICULAR, I'M SURE THAT YOUR FATHER IS THINKING OF NOTHING BUT YOU...

# PROLOGUE

OH GOD, THANK YOU! WE WAS BEGINNING TO THINK NO ONE WOULD FIND US!

WE WAS ON A GENE-STUFFS MISSION...OUR TWIRL-A-WHIRL RAN OUT OF GO-GOOK AND CRASHED.
BUT, LISTEN, BUDDY...IF WE DON'T MAKE IT, YOU GOTTA BE SURE THESE VIALS GET BACK TO THE GENE SITE, HEAR?

C'MON... WE HAFTA GET PETEY FIRST...HE'S WORSE'N ME...
UH... YOU AIN'T HEARIN'...

OH GOD... CATLICK, RIGHT?

WHOOSH!

SIZZLE
SIZZLE

SORRY PROTSTINT.

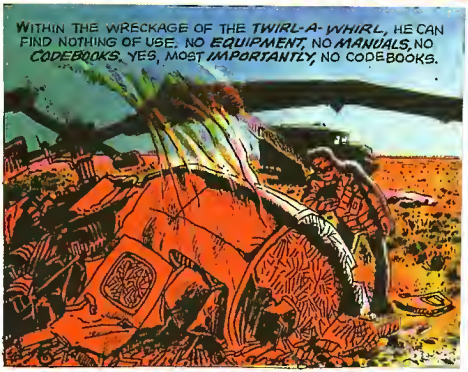
# AN ANGEL SHY OF HELL!

THE *HOLY-COST* COULD NOT HAVE DONE IT *ALL*. THE FIZZ BOMBS, THE GINKO PERSONNEL WHAM-SLAMMERS... EVEN THE MULTI-HEADED CLOUD-TO-GROUND FULL-NELSON BIG WHOP MISSILES CANNOT BE HELD *WHOLLY* RESPONSIBLE FOR THE *DESOLATION!* THE *HOLY-COST* DESTROYED AND SEGREGATED PEOPLES, BUT *KANSAS* MUST HAVE LOOKED LIKE THIS FROM THE *START*.

IN THE 12 YEARS SINCE *H-C1*, NOTHING MUCH *ELSE* HAS CHANGED EITHER. THE RELIGIOUS WARS... *BLESSED SMALL* AND *BLESSED BIG*... CONTINUE WITH MUCH OF THEIR OLD STEAM.

IN THE U.S., THE MAJOR GROUPS SURVIVE... THE *CATLICKS*, RICHEST AND STRONGEST OF THE TWO, AND THE *PROTSTINTS* WHO ARE #2, BUT THEY TRY HARDER. THERE *WAS* ANOTHER GROUP, THE *DAVIDISTS*. BUT THEY ARE THOUGHT TO BE EXTINCT...

*HARD JOHN APPLE* HAS NO RELIGIOUS PREFERENCE. HIS MARK IS FREELANCER, PRESENTLY WORKING FOR THE *PROTSTINTS*. HARD JOHN KILLS FOR *COIN*. AND HE'S VERY, *VERY* GOOD AT IT. THE *BEST*. WITH PISTOLS, GRENADES AND MACHINE-GUNS.



STORY, JIM STENSTRUM ART, RICH CORBEN

THE DAY GETS INTO FULL SWING IN *KANSAS*, BLUE AND BROWN...AND *FLAT*, LIKE A *PANCAKE*. THE *PROTSTINT BIG SHOTS* COULD NEVER UNDERSTAND WHY HE WANTED KANSAS. WHY *ANYONE* WOULD WANT IT.

"LISSEN, HARD JOHN. WE'RE GONNA DIVVY UP THE U.S."

"FINE. I'LL TAKE KANSAS."

THEY LAUGHED. THEY FELL ON THEIR BUTTS, *LAUGHING*.

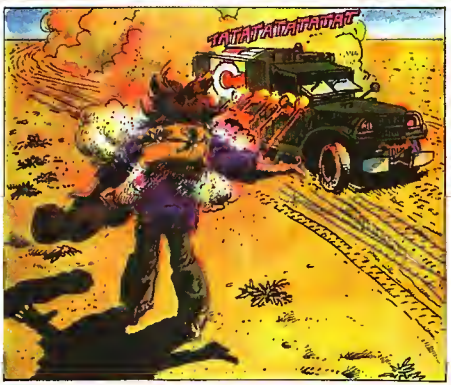
"*KANSAS?* YOU MEAN THE ONE-TIME *STATE OF KANSAS?* YOU GOTTA BE KIDDIN'..."

"LOTTA OPPORTUNITY OUT *KANSAS* WAY. REMINDS ME OF HOME. ALL THEM FAR-OUT *MOUNTAINS*, GREEN FIELDS, *AMBER* GRAIN..."

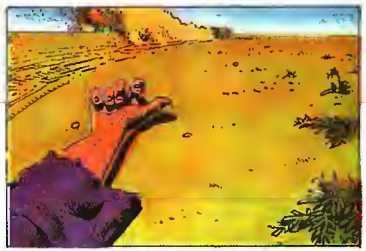
"HE'S CRAZY," THEY THOUGHT. "HE'S NEVER *BEEN* TO KANSAS OR HE'D KNOW..."

...IT'S CRAWLIN' WITH *CATLICKS*." "OKAY, IT'S YOURS."

"THINK NOTHING OF IT! YOU'LL HAVE TO CLEAR IT OUT FOR YOURSELF THOUGH. THE *CATLICKS* WON'T RECOGNIZE IT AS *HARD JOHN APPLE'S* OWN *PRIVATE* STATE."



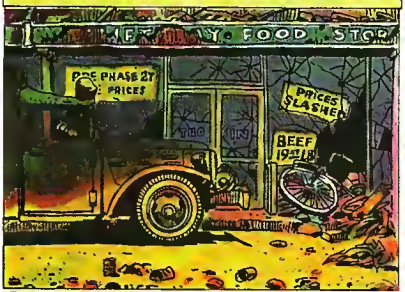

*INSANE*. CRAZY TIME. WHAT MAN WOULD TAKE ON AN *ENTIRE STATE* OF *CATLICKS* BY HIMSELF? AND FOR WHAT EARTHLY PURPOSE? FOR *KANSAS?* THEY AGREED HE WAS MAD, BUT WERE *HAPPY* TO SEND HIM THERE. NO ONE *ELSE* WANTED TO GO.



BUT *YOU* CAN BELIEVE IT. HARD JOHN APPLE *KNOWS* WHAT HE'S DOING.

BY NOW, HARD JOHN HAS COVERED 200 MILES. MOST OF KANSAS IS *KNOWN* TO HIM, BUT HE OFTEN FINDS HIMSELF *DOUBLING BACK* OVER OLD TERRITORY. *ROAD MARS* AREN'T WORTH A DAMN PARTLY BECAUSE THERE AREN'T ANY MORE *ROADS*... AND PARTLY BECAUSE THE OLD LANGUAGE *DIED* WITH THE *HOLY-COST*.

BUT HUNGER IS UPON HIM, AND HARD JOHN LOCATES A LONG-DEAD GROCERY STORE. HE'S LEARNED MANY WORDS SINCE HE FOUND THE FIRST SET OF *MANUALS*, BUT THE *PICTURES* ON THE LABELS ARE *LIFESAVERS*.



THIS KNOWLEDGE HELPS HIM *SURVIVE*... ALONG WITH HIS TRUSTY FLAME THRO--

MORE OF THEM. IN THE *MEAT* FREEZER. CHRIST-DAMMIT, THE *CATLICKS* JUST *WON'T* GET IT THROUGH THEIR *HEADS*. WELL, EVEN *MISS MARY* AIN'T GONNA HELP *THIS* LOT...

FOR THE FIRST TIME IN HIS LIFE, *HARD JOHN APPLE* STOPS COLD. A DOZEN YEARS IN KANSAS HAVE PROVIDED MANY *SURPRISES*, NEAR-FATAL *CATASTROPHIES* AND SUCH, BUT NEVER HAS HE BEEN *STYMIED*.

HIS EYES ADJUST *SHARPLY* TO THE SIGHT BEFORE *HIM*. THESE ARE NOT *CATLICKS*... NOT *PROTSTINTS*. THESE WERE PEOPLE HE'D NEVER *SEEN* BEFORE.

GIVE ME YOUR *HAND!*

*DAVIDISTS!* I THOUGHT YOU WERE ALL RUBBED OUT *AGES AGO!*
WELL, WE'LL TAKE CARE OF THAT ALL *RIGHT NOW...*

AW, HELL... IT AIN'T WORTH THE *EFFORT...*

ALL RIGHT, YOU PEOPLE, *LISSEN UP!* YOU'RE *TRESPASSIN'!* THIS HERE'S *KANSAS,* AND *KANSAS* IS *MINE!* SO *VAMOOSE!*
NOW I'M GONNA BE COMIN' *BACK* THIS WAY IN A COUPLE YEARS, AND YOU'D BETTER NOT BE HERE WHEN I RETURN. SAVVY? UNDERSTANDO?

YEAH... I KINDA *FIGURED* YOU'D GET THE MESSAGE!

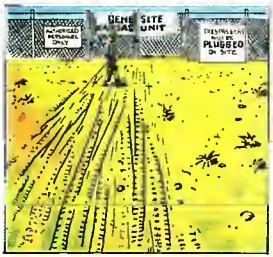
TIME AND MILES LATER, HARD JOHN STOPS TO PONDER HIS BEANS. *CATLICKS* ARE THE PROBLEM *NOW*, HE REALIZES. BUT *THEN* WHAT? THE *PROTSTINTS* WON'T STAND STILL IF THEY FIND OUT WHAT HE'S UP TO...

AND WHAT ABOUT THE *OTHERS?* PAST THE MISSISSIPPI, THE MOUNTAINS, THE *BIG WASH*...? THAT'S WHERE THE *REAL THREAT* LIES. HELL, HE THOUGHT, *HE* WAS A *HEATHEN*. BUT *THERE*, THEY PRAY TO *COWS!*

SO WHAT TO DO *NOW?* MAKE A *DEAL* WITH THE *PROTSTINT BIG SHOTS?* LET THEM IN ON HIS *DISCOVERY* AND *HOPE* THEY DON'T SLIP HIM A *SHIV?*

NO...NO GOOD. PLAN GOES AS BEFORE. EVERYTHING'S *UNDER* THE TABLE NOW! THE POKER FACE *REMAINS*.

*CATLICK GENE SITE...*
THREE HOURS LATER...



THE GATE GUARD WAS A *RECENT* ADDITION. AND IT MADE HARD JOHN ALL THE MORE NERVOUS. HE HAD BEEN HERE MANY TIMES *BEFORE*, BUT SECURITY HAD ALWAYS BEEN *MINIMAL!*

AS WELL, THERE WERE *MORE GUARDS* ALONG THE WAY! AND THE REASONS WERE *OBVIOUS*.

SOME SEVEN YEARS AGO, HE'D DISCOVERED THIS PARTICULAR *GENE SITE*... THE ONLY ONE HE'S ALLOWED TO REMAIN *STANDING*. A PRIVATE PLACE. A PLACE TO THINK...AND *PLAN*.

BUT LOOK AT IT *NOW!* A VERITABLE CESSPOOL OF GUTTERAL SLUT DRAINAGE IN SEMI-HUMAN FORM, WITH *FLAUNTING BALLOONS* AND *VILE MUCK-WUCKS*.

DAMN CAT-LICKS! THEY HAD NO *RIGHT!!*

THOSE LOVELY NYMPHOS BIG AND SOFT AND OOH, SO WARM. HE HAD WATCHED THEM BLOOM FROM TEDDY BEARS TO...
YEAH... TEDDY BEARS TO WHAT? THE COUNTLESS HOURS OF PLEASURE HE SPENT HERE FADE HARD..
...BUT HE SHAKES IT OFF...HE KNOWS WHAT MUST BE DONE.
THE NYMPHOS HAVE NOW BECOME PRIMED, AND HARD JOHN APPLE KNOWS THAT MORE GENE STUFFS WILL GET THROUGH EVENTUALLY. TO STOP THE CATLICKS FROM GROWING AND THRIVING IN NUMBERS, HE MUST NIP THIS IN THE BUD...
DAMN SHAME, TOO...
BLAPITA BLAM BOOM!
...HE REALLY LIKED THE NYMPHOS...

DUSK. SCATTERINGS OF CLOUD DISSIPATE IN A BLOOD RED SKY, AS THE SUN TURNS ITS FACE.
HARD JOHN APPLE IS HOME AFTER A LONG HARD DAY OF KILLING.
MOVING PAST HIS HIDDEN FORTIFICATI
JOHN COMES TO A HALT ON CONCRETE SURFACE.
FOR HIM, RELIGIOUS SERVICES ARE ABOUT TO BEGIN. HE PULLS A TOP SECRET OPERATIONS MANUAL FROM THE SEAT.
TOP SECRET
AND, SETTLING HIMSELF ON THE HOOD OF HIS TRUCK, HE MOMENTARILY PAUSES BEFORE BEGINNING THE MANUAL. HE LOOKS OUTWARD, AND ALL HIS DAILY MISGIVINGS, THE THREAT OF THE CATLICKS, THE PROTSTINTS, AND ALL THE OTHERS DISSOLVES FROM HIS MIND. HE FEELS SECURE.
SOON, WHENEVER HE CAN GAIN A STRONG UNDERSTANDING OF THIS STRANGE LANGUAGE ENG-LISH AND THE EVEN STRANGER LINGO OF THE AIR FORCE CODEBOOKS AND MANUALS, THEN HE WOULD KNOW ALL HE WOULD EVER NEED KNOW.
AS HARD JOHN APPLE READS, HE LOOKS OUT OVER HIS MANY HIDDEN ICBM SILOS, ONLY PART OF THE DOZENS KANSAS OFFERS AND STILL MUCH OF A MYSTERY TO HIM, AND GOES BACK TO HIS MANUAL WITH EVEN MORE DETERMINATION...
SOON, HE COULD GET DOWN TO SOME SERIOUS KILLING.

RAIN CLOUDS TRY IN VAIN TO SHIELD THE CITY OF *SALEM* FROM THE *FULL MOON!*

"I WAS *ALBERT TUSK*, HEIR TO THE TUSK FAMILY FISH OIL *FORTUNE!* I INVESTED IT ALL IN A *DOGFOOD COMPANY!*"

"THAT BITE *CURSED* ME! TONIGHT, THE PEOPLE WHO FORMERLY RESPECTED ME SHRINK BACK IN SHOCK AND *FEAR!*

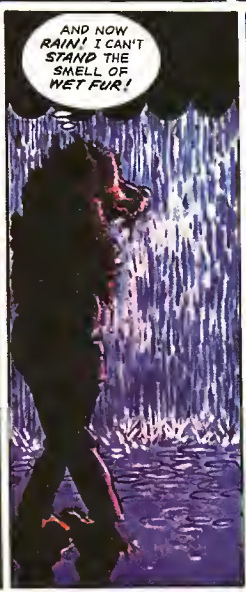
# WIZARD WAGSTAFF

STORY: JACK BUTTERWORTH / ART: RICH CORBEN

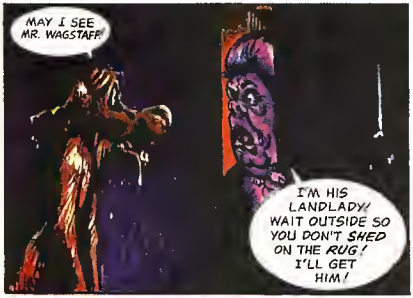
I NEVER ATTACKED ANYONE, BUT THEY RUN IN TERROR! FOOLS!
AFTER A ROUGH DAY IN THE BUSINESS ARENA, THE LAST THING I WANT TO DO IS ATTACK SOMEBODY!

IT'S A TOUGH LIFE! MY DOGFOOD COMPANY IS FAILING BECAUSE PEOPLE PREFER TO FEED THEIR PETS SCRAPS! AND NOW I'VE BEEN TURNED INTO A WEREWOLF! WON'T ANYBODY TRY TO UNDERSTAND?

HI, YOU WOLF!
MAYBE I SHOULD HAVE STAYED HOME...


AND NOW RAIN! I CAN'T STAND THE SMELL OF WET FUR!

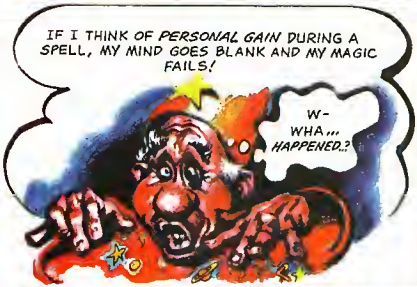
13
MOONEY STREET
HEY! THAT'S THE ADDRESS I'VE BEEN TRYING TO REMEMBER FOR A WEEK! THE TRAVELING HAIR-REMOVER SALESMAN SAID SOMEONE THERE COULD HELP ME! WHAT LUCK!

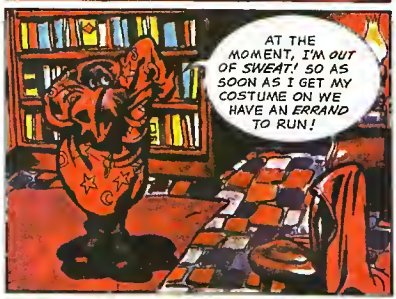

MAY I SEE MR. WAGSTAFF!
I'M HIS LANDLADY! WAIT OUTSIDE SO YOU DON'T SHED ON THE RUG! I'LL GET HIM!

NICE OF YOU TO SEE ME THIS LATE, WAGSTAFF!
PHEW! HOPE I CAN GET THE SMELL OF WET FUR OUT OF THE HOUSE!

YOU CERTAINLY HAVE A PROBLEM, MR. TUSK! BUT BEFORE WE GET TO WORK ON IT, LET ME EXPLAIN SOMETHING ABOUT MYSELF!

I CAN ONLY CAST MY SPELLS TO HELP PEOPLE IN TROUBLE!
THEY REQUIRE A SPECIAL INGREDIENT, THE SWEAT OF THE POOR!


IF I THINK OF PERSONAL GAIN DURING A SPELL, MY MIND GOES BLANK AND MY MAGIC FAILS!
W-WHA... HAPPENED..?


AT THE MOMENT, I'M OUT OF SWEAT! SO AS SOON AS I GET MY COSTUME ON WE HAVE AN ERRAND TO RUN!

WHERE DID YOU GET THAT COSTUME?
IT'S PATTERNED AFTER A LOCAL HISTORICAL FIGURE! I WEAR IT FOR MY WIZARD DUTIES, AND ONCE A YEAR DURING THE MEMORIAL DAY PARADE!

MR. WAGSTAFF, BEFORE YOU GO...
SHE ALWAYS ASKS ME FOR THE RENT IN ADVANCE IF SHE THINKS I MAY BE IN DANGER!

NOW TO FIND SOMEONE POOR... AND SWEATY..!
IT'S NO USE! PEOPLE ARE AFRAID OF ME! THEY'LL ONLY RUN..!

WHENEVER I'M UNHAPPY I ALWAYS WANT TO EAT!
WHAT?

WHAT'S GOING ON HERE? THAT DOG IS EATING WITH A SPOON!
SLUP! SLORP!

IT'S ALL RIGHT ED! HE'S WITH ME!

HE SEEMS LIKE A FRIENDLY POOCH...
LICK!

BUT EVERY TIME THERE'S A FULL MOON WE GET REPORTS OF STRANGE ANIMALS ROAMING THE STREETS! IT'S ALRIGHT IF YOU SAY SO, WAGSTAFF! BUT BE CAREFUL!
YEECH!

NOW GO AWAY, LITTLE DOGGY, BEFORE YOU GET HURT HERE...

I SMELL MEAT! WHY DON'T WE SHARE THAT LITTLE MAN BETWEEN US?
NO! DAMN! THAT POODLE SURE GOT AROUND!

SNIFF!

GOBBLE!
SNORT!
LOOK! HE LIKES MY HEARTY CHUNKS OF HORSEMEAT SOAKED IN LUXURIOUS GRAVY!

WHERE CAN I GET MORE?
I'LL TALK TO YOU LATER!
ARE YOU SURE YOU DON'T WANT TO ATTACK ANYONE ?
WHAT? ON A FULL STOMACH?

WHO'RE YOU?
MY NAME IS GUISEPPE. I'M THE SON OF A POOR ITALIAN SEAMSTRESS! I ALWAYS WANTED A DOG...THEN ONE DAY I SAW THIS POODLE...! NOW EVERY TIME THERE'S A FULL MOON...
I UNDERSTAND, GUISEPPE! AND I THINK I CAN CURE YOUR CURSE! COME WITH US AND I'LL EXPLAIN!
HEY WAGSTAFF, NO PETS... REMEMBER?
WHERE ARE WE?
IN AN ABANDONED SMUGGLER'S TUNNEL! IT LEADS FROM MY ROOM...TO THE SEA! I DO MOST OF MY MAGIC HERE!
YOUR SALIVA CONTAINS PERSPIRATION! IT SHOULD WORK IN MY POTION!
FANGS TO TEETH, FUR TO SKIN! BEAST TO MAN, SPELL BEGIN!
ALL RIGHT, TUSK! YOU FIRST! START RUBBING THIS HAIR-REMOVER SALVE ALL OVER YOUR BODY! I'LL DO YOUR BACK!
IT'S WORKING!
I'M NORMAL AGAIN!

NOW THAT THE SALVE IS FINISHED WORKING, YOU'D BETTER PUT YOUR PANTS ON BEFORE YOU GET US ARRESTED!
I'LL HAVE YOURS READY IN A MINUTE, GUISEPPE!

YOU KNOW, GUISEPPE, I HAVE THE FEELING THAT WHAT HAPPENED TONIGHT'LL MAKE ME RICH... SELLING DOGFOOD TO WEREWOLVES AND PEOPLE WHO ARE AFRAID OF THEM! I OUGHT TO GIVE YOU TWO A FINDER'S FEE!
FANGS TO TEETH, FUR TO--

TUSK, YOU SHOULDN'T HAVE MENTIONED MONEY! N-NOW I CAN'T CURE GUISEPPE!

YOU MEAN I HAVE TO SPEND THE REST OF MY LIFE LIKE THIS? SO HELP ME, I'LL KILL YOU!
NO, GUISEPPE! IT'S JUST UNTIL HE REMEMBERS THE SPELL AGAIN! LOOK, IN THE MEAN-TIME I'LL GIVE YOU FREE DOGFOOD! JUST PASS THE WORD ABOUT HOW GOOD IT IS!
YOU DON'T HAVE TO KILL ANYBODY!
IT WON'T TAKE LONG, I PROMISE! I'LL CURE YOU!

WE'LL HAVE TO ORDER MORE DOGFOOD FOR THE THIRD TIME THIS WEEK, MISTER TUSK! I JUST CAN'T BELIEVE HOW MANY PEOPLE ARE BUYING THE STUFF!

WHAT I CAN'T UNDERSTAND IS, WHY DO SO MANY OF THEM HANG THE JARS UP IN FRONT OF THEIR DOORS?
SPECIAL
I'M SURE I DON'T KNOW! YOU CAN GIVE YOUR ORDER TO GUISEPPE HERE! HE'S MY NEW DELIVERY MAN!

SALEM
ALL THIS TALK ABOUT STRANGE ANIMALS APPEARING WHEN THE MOON IS FULL IS NONSENSE, WAGSTAFF! PROBABLY GYPSIES, OR SOME OF THE OTHER STRANGE PEOPLE WE'VE HAD COMING INTO SALEM RECENTLY!

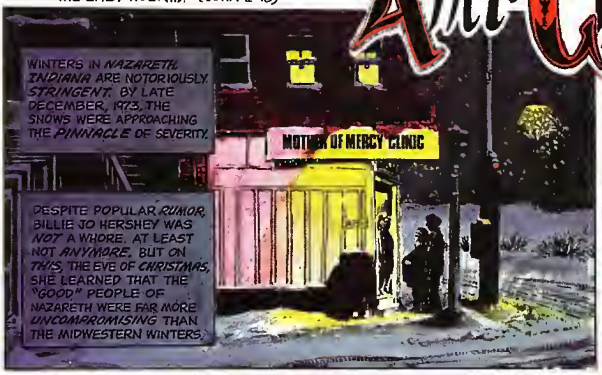
SOME OF OUR SALEMITES DO A BIT OF IMBIBING AND SEE AN ODDLY-DRESSED PERSON LATE AT NIGHT, AND THE STORY GETS STRETCHED OUT OF SIZE!

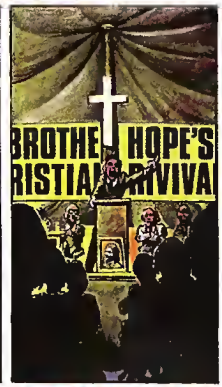
HUH? A DOG... HERE?

NOW GO AWAY, LITTLE DOGGY, BEFORE YOU GET HURT HERE...

"YOU HAVE HEARD THAT THE *ANTICHRIST* IS COMING... THEREFORE WE KNOW THAT IT IS THE *LAST HOUR*...!" (JOHN 2:18)

# Anti-Christmas





STORY: GERRY BOUDREAU / ART: RICH CORBEN

BILLIE JO'S PAINS WERE GROWING MORE ACUTE, MORE FREQUENT. HER MUFFLED CRIES FILLED THE SILENT STABLE. JOSEPH CLOSED HIMSELF TO THEM, LEST THEY CRIPPLE HIM TO THE INEVITABLE TASK THAT AWAITED.

BILLIE JO SLOWLY SUCCUMBED TO THE DEMANDS OF UNCONSCIOUSNESS, AND HER THOUGHTS FELL UPON ANOTHER TIME, SOME TWO YEARS EARLIER....!

I KNOW THAT YOU AND THAT YOUNG HOODLUM HAVE SINNED AGAINST GOD AND AGAINST ME! NOW YOU COMPOUND THE OFFENSE BY LYING....!
I WILL NOT HAVE IT SAID THAT MY DAUGHTER IS A CHILD OF THE DEVIL. YOU ARE NO LONGER WELCOME IN MY HOUSE....!

IN THE WEEKS THAT FOLLOWED, BILLIE JO LEARNED TWO THINGS. POVERTY BEGETS MORE POVERTY, AND DESTITUTION IS A SHORT STEP FROM PROSTITUTION.

THEN SHE MET JOSEPH. NOT RICH, PERHAPS, BUT PROUD, AND PRIDE WAS SOMETHING SHE HAD SACRIFICED A LONG TIME AGO.
THAT WAS WHAT JOSEPH OFFERED HER, ALONG WITH HER FIRST CHILD...

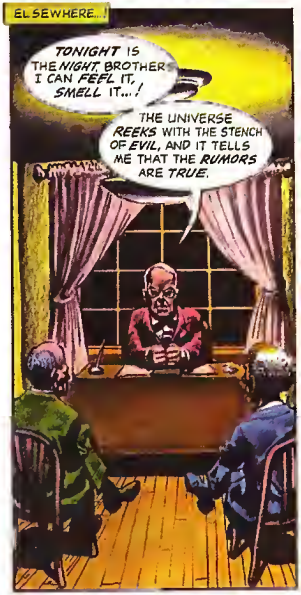
...THIS CHILD, FOR WHOM JOSEPH WAS NOW THE RELUCTANT MIDWIFE.
ALL THOUGHT FLED FROM BILLIE JO'S MIND, AND SHE SURRENDERED TO THE PAIN

IT IS DONE, JOSEPH? THEN GIVE US THE CHILD...SHE WILL NEVER KNOW THAT THIS ONE IS NOT HERS.

IT'S ALMOST A PITY THAT THE YOUNG MOTHER WILL NEVER KNOW THE HONOR THAT WAS BESTOWED ON HER. AT LAST, THE ANCIENT PROPHECIES HAVE BEEN FULFILLED...!
"THIS IS THE ANTICHRIST, HE WHO DENIES THE FATHER AND THE SON!"

YOU HAVE SERVED THE MASTER WELL JOSEPH. FOR THAT YOU SHALL HAVE YOUR REWARD.

THE OLD BARN CREAKED AND RATTLED IN THE HOWLING DECEMBER WINDS. JOSEPH HAD NO NAME FOR THE INEXPLICABLE FEAR THAT HAUNTED HIM AS HE WATCHED BILLIE JO SLEEP. BUT, FINALLY, SHE AWAKENED...!
HERE, BILLIE JO. OUR SON...!


ELSEWHERE...!
TONIGHT IS THE NIGHT, BROTHER. I CAN FEEL IT, SMELL IT...!
THE UNIVERSE REEKS WITH THE STENCH OF EVIL, AND IT TELLS ME THAT THE RUMORS ARE TRUE.

TONIGHT IT WAS BORN. THAT WHICH HAS COME TO CORRUPT AND DECEIVE... TO UNDO THE WORK IT HAS TAKEN GOD CENTURIES TO ACCOMPLISH...!
GENTLEMEN, WE FACE THE GREATEST, MOST NOBLE TASK A CHRISTIAN HAS EVER FACED. WE MUST FIND THIS EVIL... AND DESTROY IT!

BUT HOW CAN WE BE CERTAIN?
I AM CERTAIN. I KNOW WHO IN THIS TOWN ARE GOOD MEN AND WHO ARE THE UNREDEEMABLE SINNERS. I HAVE HEARD THE EVIL ONES WHISPER ABOUT THIS NIGHT... ABOUT HIS COMING. THE MOMENT IS AT HAND, AND WE MUST NOT BE AFRAID TO STRIKE!

JUAN BAPTISTE WAS *AFRAID*. HE HAD CARRIED ON THE LORD'S WORK FOR TWENTY YEARS IN HIS SIMPLE PARISH. HE HAD ALWAYS DONE SO WITHOUT THE AID OF A *CLUB* OR *KNIFE*.

IT WAS A HABIT HE WAS NOT QUICK TO *CHANGE*.

WHERE ARE WE *GOING*?

TO THE ONLY *HOSPITAL* IN NAZARETH. IF THE CHILD WAS *BORN*, IT WOULD BE THE PERVERTED *IRONY* OF THE DEVIL TO HAVE HIS CHILD BORN IN A CHRISTIAN CLINIC!

BUT HOW WILL WE KNOW *WHICH ONE*?

IF NECESSARY, WE WILL SLAY THEM *ALL*! WHAT ARE THE LIVES OF A FEW *CHILDREN*, COMPARED TO THE *EVIL* WROUGHT BY THE DEVIL'S *OFFSPRING*?

Y-YOU'RE TALKING ABOUT *MURDER*!

NO, MR. BAPTISTE. I AM TALKING ABOUT THE *REDEMPTION* OF THE HUMAN RACE. I AM A *CHRISTIAN*, SIR! GOD IS *WITH* ME! ARE *YOU* WITH THE LORD...OR *AGAINST* HIM?

THE WHINE OF RUBBER ON DAMP PAVEMENT DRONED MONOTONOUSLY AS THE CAR SPED *NORTHWARD*. IT'S PASSENGERS THOUGHT ONLY OF *SPEED* AND *DISTANCE*!

WE SHOULD BE IN *BALTIMORE* BY LATE TOMORROW. THE CHILD WILL BE *SAFE* THERE.

MEANWHILE, NAZARETH WILL SOON LEARN THE MEANING OF THE PHRASE *RELIGIOUS PERSECUTION*. PERSECUTION BY THE RELIGIOUS. OUR MASTER'S WORK WILL BE *DONE*...

...AND BY THOSE WHO WILL CLAIM TO BE SERVING HIS *ENEMY*. CHRISTIANS CERTAINLY ARE A *CURIOUS* BREED!

WELCOME TO ILLINOIS

WE HAVE COME TO BESTOW OUR *BLESSING* UPON THE INFANTS WHO SHARE THE LORD'S BIRTHDAY. WILL YOU *TAKE* US TO THEM?

THERE WERE *THREE* BORN TONIGHT, REVEREND COME THIS WAY...!

IS *THIS* WHAT YOU WOULD SLAY REVEREND? THESE *INNOCENTS*...?

REMEMBER THE WORDS OF THE *GOOD BOOK*, MY FRIEND...

"... MANY *DECEIVERS* HAVE GONE OUT INTO THE WORLD! SUCH A ONE IS THE DECEIVER AND THE *ANTICHRIST*. LOOK TO *YOURSELF* THAT YOU MAY NOT *LOSE* WHAT YOU HAVE *WORKED FOR*...!"

SLICH! SWITZ! CHUK! CHUK!

THESE WERE THE *ONLY* CHILDREN BORN IN NAZARETH TONIGHT?

THE ONLY *DECENT* ONES THERE WAS A *WHORE* HERE EARLIER... READY TO GIVE *BIRTH* AT ANY *MOMENT*...!

I SENT HER *AWAY*, OF COURSE!

*NO! REVEREND RADLEY*... WHAT ARE YOU *DOING*?

SHUNK!

ONLY WHAT IS *NECESSARY*, JUAN. WE CAN'T AFFORD TO HAVE THE POLICE *INTERFERING* WITH OUR *HOLY MISSION*... NOT AT THIS CRUCIAL POINT IN TIME.

I'D LIKE YOU TO FIND ONE... *JUST ONE*... QUOTATION IN THE GOOD BOOK TO JUSTIFY *THAT*, RADLEY...

AND IF YOU *DO*, I'M GOING TO *BURN* THIS COLLAR AND CASSOCK, *CAUSE THINGS JUST WOULDN'T MAKE SENSE ANYMORE!*

FRESH FOOTPRINTS... THEY COULD BELONG TO THAT WHORE
THEY LEAD TOWARD THE OLD STABLE...!
JOSEPH STUDIED BILLIE JO MORE CLOSELY THAN HE EVER HAD IN THE MONTHS OF THEIR MARRIAGE. SHE WAS MORE THAN A WIFE TO HIM NOW... SHE WAS THE MOTHER OF A CHILD WHICH, WHILE NOT FULLY HIS, HAD AT LEAST SPRUNG FORTH FROM HIS LOINS.
FOR A MOMENT HE DOUBTED WHAT HE HAD DONE. HE WAS A TRUE SERVANT OF SATAN, YET WHY HAD HE NEVER EXPERIENCED THE SAME EMOTIONS OF JOY AND LOVE THAT EMANATED FROM THIS CHILD-BRIDE.
THE FACT THAT THE INFANT WAS NOT EVEN HERS SEEMED ALMOST TO MOCK HIM!
SUDDENLY...!
YOU! I SHOULD HAVE REALIZED! IF ANYONE WERE TO BE THE MOTHER OF THE DEVIL'S CHILD, IT WOULD BE YOU!
FATHER!
BUT YOU HAVE LABORED IN VAIN, WHORE! WE HAVE COME TO SLAY THE DEVIL-CHILD BEFORE THE WORLD IS INFECTED WITH HIS EVIL!
Y-YOU'RE CRAZY!

HA! HA! HA HA!
SKIK!
AAARRGH...!

WHY ARE YOU LAUGHING, MADMAN? HAVE YOU SO LITTLE REGARD FOR THIS PITIFUL WHORE, AND HER DEMON-CHILD, THAT YOU FIND THEIR DEATH AMUSING?
I FIND YOU AMUSING, REVEREND...!

CONGRATULATIONS, REVEREND. YOU HAVE SERVED MY MASTER WELL. YOU HAVE PROVEN THAT YOU HAVE A CAPACITY FOR HATRED AND CRUELTY EQUAL TO THAT OF THE DEVIL HIMSELF! YOU SERVE HIM MORE LOYALLY THAN I DO!

YOU WHO HAVE KILLED YOUR OWN GRANDSON IN THE NAME OF THE LORD... OR SO YOU BELIEVE! YES, BILLIE JO DID SPAWN THE CHILD YOU SO FEAR...! BUT THAT INFANT HAS LONG BEEN TAKEN TO A PLACE BEYOND YOUR REACH!
YOU HAVE MURDERED AN INNOCENT BABY!

NO, YOU ARE A LIAR... A-A DECEIVER... BUT YOU SHALL NOT DETER ME.
THIP!
I HAVE NO REASON TO FEAR YOU, REVEREND. EVIL CANNOT DESTROY EVIL.

BESIDES, FOR THE SERVICE I HAVE PERFORMED FOR MY MASTER TONIGHT, HE HAS REWARDED ME WITH HIS PROTECTION!
JUST AS HE WILL REWARD YOU FOR THE HOMAGE YOU HAVE PAID HIM...!

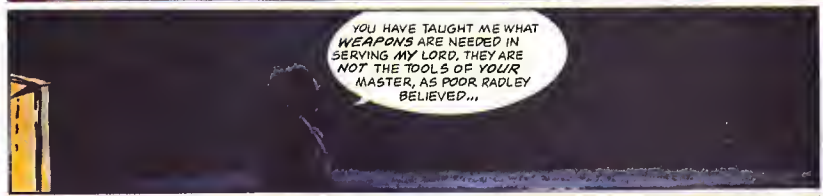
SEE FOR YOURSELF, REVEREND... YOU ARE JUST LIKE ME!
TWAK!
BUT MY DAUGHTER...?

NO, REVEREND, SHE WAS NOT ONE OF US. SHE ACTED OUT OF LOVE, AND THAT IS THE ONLY DANGER TO OUR KIND. THAT IS WHY YOU HAVE DONE MY MASTER SUCH A SERVICE...!

YOU HAVE ELIMINATED A POWERFUL SOURCE OF LOVE THIS NIGHT... NOT TO MENTION THE BABY... OR IS IT BABIES, REVEREND? HOW MANY HAVE YOU MURDERED TONIGHT? IT SEEMS INNOCENCE AND PURITY IS ALL YOU HAVE RID THE WORLD OF, REVEREND!

BY THE WAY, REVEREND... MERRY ANTI-CHRISTMAS!

IT SEEMS THE WORLD HAS TAKEN MY INNOCENCE AS WELL TONIGHT. BUT IT'S NOT TOO LATE FOR ME, AS IT IS FOR HIM, JOSEPH!
I CANNOT DESTROY YOU NOW. I HATE YOU TOO MUCH FOR WHAT YOU HAVE BROUGHT ABOUT. BUT THAT WILL CHANGE SOME DAY, JOSEPH...!


YOU HAVE TAUGHT ME WHAT WEAPONS ARE NEEDED IN SERVING MY LORD. THEY ARE NOT THE TOOLS OF YOUR MASTER, AS POOR RADLEY BELIEVED...

...AND SOMEDAY... I WILL LEARN HOW TO HANDLE THEM!

# WITHIN YOU... WITHOUT YOU

SHE'S A REAL **BEAUTY**, C CENTER. I'D SAY AT **LEAST** 18 FEET AT THE HUMP AND PROBABLY, OH ...75 TO 80 FEET IN **LENGTH**. CAN YOU SEE THE **SCALE MARKER** ALL RIGHT? I CAN MOVE IT CLOSER...

**NEGATIVE**, KAREN. WE DON'T WANT YOU WADING ANY **DEEPER** INTO THAT STUFF. NO TELLING **WHAT'S** SWIMMING AROUND. WE COPY THE SCALE FINE... 17 FEET BY 76.

CAN YOU MOVE A BIT **FARTHER** DOWN SHORE AND FOCUS ON THE **HEAD**? WE WANT TO TRY TO DETERMINE HIS **AGE**.

CHECK.

AH, THAT'S **PERFECT**! YES...A **BEAUTIFUL** SPECIMEN. ABOUT EIGHT YEARS OLD, I'D SAY. TRY THE **TELE-PHOTO** LENS, WILL YOU?

I'M WAY **AHEAD** OF YOU. HOW'S MY **BODY** HOLDING UP BACK THERE, PETE?

STORY: BRUCE JONES/ART: RICH CORBEN

FINE, HONEY. JUST A **FEW** MORE SHOTS AND WE'LL BRING YOU BACK.

WHY DOES SHE NEED THE CAMERA? CAN'T YOU GET ALL THE PICTURES YOU NEED ON THE **TV MONITOR**?

IT'S NOT THE **CAMERA** IN THE **ORDINARY** SENSE. WHEN SHE PUSHES THE BUTTON IT MAKES A PERMANENT, **INDELIBLE** IMPRESSION ON HER **BRAIN** CELLS, ONE OF SUPERIOR DEPTH AND CLARITY TO ANYTHING WE COULD PICK UP THROUGH TRANSMISSION. WE CAN "**DEVELOP**" THESE PHOTOS AT OUR LEISURE WHEN SHE COMES BACK... THAT IS, WHEN HER **MIND** COMES BACK.

UH-OH! HE'S COMING **ASHORE**! BETTER GET **OUT** OF THERE!

YOU DON'T HAVE TO TELL ME **TWICE**!

WE INDICATE A 2.6 DROP IN YOUR **BODY TEMPERATURE**, KAREN. BETTER GET BACK HERE BEFORE YOU CATCH A **CHILL**. WE STILL DON'T HAVE FULL DATA ON THE **BACTERIA** OF THAT ERA.

OKAY. LET ME FIND A **SAFE** PLACE TO TAN.

TAN, WHAT'S THAT?

**TRANSENDENTAL MEDITATION**, IT'S THE VEHICLE WE USE TO BOTH **SEND** AND **RETRIEVE** HER. THE BASIC PROCESS IS QUITE OLD ACTUALLY... TWENTIETH CENTURY STUFF.

WHAT THE HELL--

RRRRUMMBLE

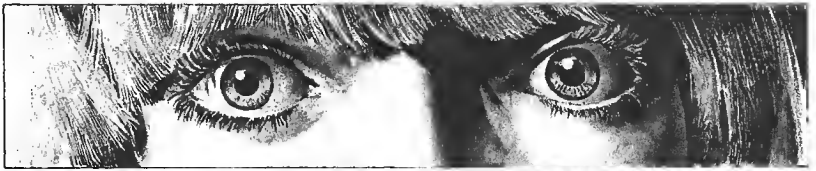
CLINK!

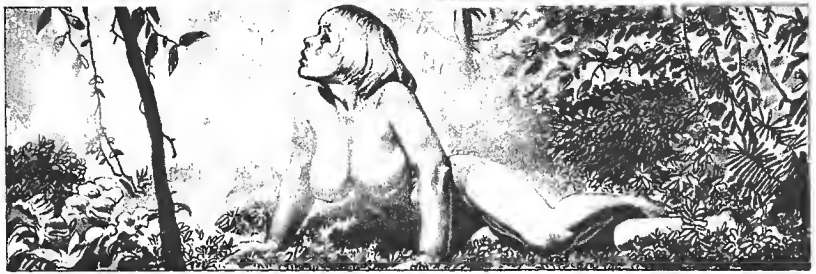
CLINK!

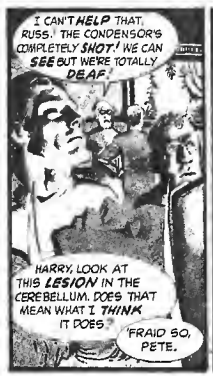
EARTHQUAKE!! HIT THE **FLOOR**!

CLATTER!

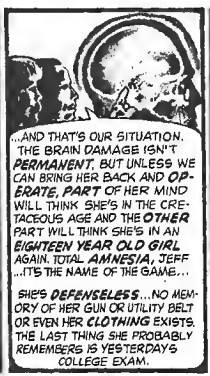
CRASH!
JESUS!
HARRY! GRAB THE GIRL!
SHATTER!
IT'S OVER... LORD WHAT A MESS!
GIMME A HAND HERE, QUICK! OH CHRIST, LOOK AT HER!
I GET A STRONG PULSE, BOB, WHAT'S THE SCREEN SAY?
NEGATIVE, PETE. NO DAMAGE AT THIS END, BUT SHE ISN'T TRANSMITTING... MUST BE UNCONSCIOUS.
LET'S GET HER BACK ON THE TABLE.
RUSS, SEE IF YOU CAN JERRY-RIG THE C-M UNIT TO HER BRAIN. SHE MIGHT STILL BE BACK THERE, UNCONSCIOUS OR NOT.
A COUPLE OF YOU BOYS GET TO WORK ON THE MAIN CONSOLE... AND SOMEBODY GET AHOLD OF JEFF LYENDECKER!
LYENDECKER? ...HE MUST BE JOKING...!
WHO'S LYENDECKER? WHAT'S GOING ON?
RIIIIIIINING
YEAH?
WHO? YOU'RE KIDDING... WHAT? NO, NO... NOT ME. NO, YOU'VE GOT THE WRONG MAN FOR THE JOB, FELLA. GET SOMEBODY ELSE...!

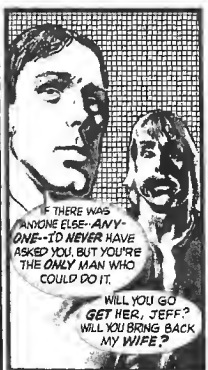





I CAN'T HELP THAT, RUSS. THE CONDENSOR'S COMPLETELY SHOT! WE CAN SEE BUT WE'RE TOTALLY DEAF.
HARRY, LOOK AT THIS LESION IN THE CEREBELLUM. DOES THAT MEAN WHAT I THINK IT DOES?
FRAID SO, PETE.

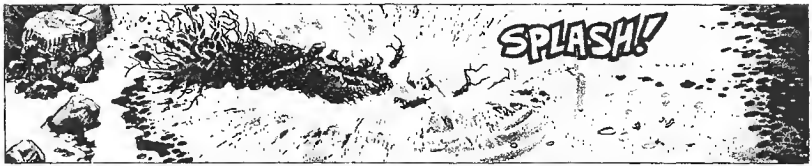
'LO, PETE. GOT PROBLEMS?


...AND THAT'S OUR SITUATION. THE BRAIN DAMAGE ISN'T PERMANENT, BUT UNLESS WE CAN BRING HER BACK AND OPERATE, PART OF HER MIND WILL THINK SHE'S IN THE CRETACEOUS AGE AND THE OTHER PART WILL THINK SHE'S IN AN EIGHTEEN YEAR OLD GIRL AGAIN. TOTAL AMNESIA, JEFF ...IT'S THE NAME OF THE GAME...
SHE'S DEFENSELESS...NO MEMORY OF HER GUN OR UTILITY BELT OR EVEN HER CLOTHING EXISTS. THE LAST THING SHE PROBABLY REMEMBERS IS YESTERDAY'S COLLEGE EXAM.


IF THERE WAS ANYONE ELSE--ANYONE--I'D NEVER HAVE ASKED YOU. BUT YOU'RE THE ONLY MAN WHO COULD DO IT.
WILL YOU GO GET HER, JEFF? WILL YOU BRING BACK MY WIFE?

GRUMPH!
EEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEE!

EEEEEEEEEEEE!
DEAR GOD! HELP ME! HELP ME!
WHUMP!
WHAMP!
TRICERATOPS... 30 FOOTER. I DON'T GET IT... THEY WERE SUPPOSE TO BE HERBIVORES!
WE'RE GOING TO SPEED UP THE MEDITATION A LITTLE, JEFF. JUST RELAX NOW AND KEEP YOUR RHYTHM GOING...!
YOU'RE IN THE CRETACEOUS AGE, JEFF... OVER 100,000,000 YEARS AGO. YOU ARE THERE IN BODY AS WELL AS MIND... YOU WILL EXIST BECAUSE YOUR MIND TELLS YOU TO EXIST. YOU WILL WALK AND TALK AND BREATHE JUST AS YOU DO NOW BECAUSE YOUR MIND COMMANDS IT. DO YOU FEEL YOUR DUAL BODY FORMING, JEFF?
OH MY GOO!
WHUMP!
CRACK
EEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEE


SPLASH!

KAREN! TAKE MY HAND!

JEFF? IS IT REALLY YOU?
MY HAND, QUICK! BELOW YOU!

EEEEEEEEEEE!
SNAP!

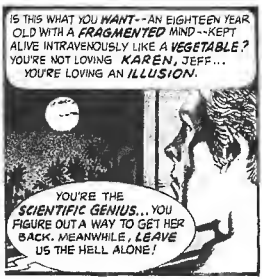
HELLO, PRINCESS...
OH, JEFF... JEFF! WHAT IS THIS NIGHTMARE?
CLIK! CLIK!

I DON'T GET IT. SHE KNOWS THIS GUY?
INTIMATELY. THEY WENT TO SCHOOL TOGETHER, EVEN GOT ENGAGED ONCE...THEY MIGHT HAVE GOTTEN MARRIED...IF PETE HADN'T COME ALONG.

YOU LOOK WONDERFUL, PRINCESS. I'D FORGOTTEN HOW PRETTY YOU WERE AT EIGHTEEN...!
FORGOTTEN? WHAT DO YOU MEAN... WHY ARE YOU DRESSED LIKE THAT? WHERE ARE MY CLOTHES?...WHERE ARE WE?
SO MANY QUESTIONS. ISN'T IT ENOUGH JUST TO BE WITH ME AGAIN?
OH, DARLING... I'M SO CONFUSED... SO AFRAID. KISS ME...!
THE BASTARD! GET ON THE MIKE, PETE! HE CAN'T DO THAT! THE S.O.B. HAS EVEN LOST HIS GUN!
YOU GOING TO LET HIM GET AWAY WITH THAT? JUST CAUSE HE'S TELEPATHIC HE THINKS HE'S A BIG SHOT!
THERE ISN'T MUCH WE CAN DO ABOUT IT. THERE ISN'T ANOTHER TELEPATHIST WITHIN 3000 MILES. BESIDES, SHE SEEMS TO BE ENJOYING IT.
HEY, LOOK! HER HAIR IS WET! HER WHOLE BODY IS WET! HOW COME?
BECAUSE HER MIND FELL IN THE WATER. IF SHE THINKS SHE'S WET OR COLD, OR HUNGRY, IT REGISTERS IN HER REAL BODY HERE. SHE PRODUCES THE MOISTURE BY SWEATING.
THE SAME THING WOULD HAPPEN IF SHE CUT HER HAND IN THE CRETACEOUS AGE...HER REAL BODY WOULD START TO BLEED HERE.
...OH, DARLING! ...OH YES, JEFF!...
JESUS! HOW CAN YOU WATCH THIS? WHAT KIND OF MAN ARE YOU?
HE'D DO IT NO MATTER WHAT I SAID, RUSS. I KNEW HE WOULD BEFORE I SENT HIM. HE STILL LOVES HER.
SHOUTING AT HIM NOW WOULD ONLY ANGER HIM. HE MIGHT NEVER BRING HER BACK...!
CAN'T YOU JUST WAKE HER UP? WOULDN'T THAT BRING HER BACK?
WITH HER BRAIN ONLY HALF INTACT? THE SHOCK WOULD EITHER KILL HER OR LEAVE HER PERMANENTLY RETARDED. NO, ONLY JEFF CAN PUT HER INTO TM...WE'RE HELPLESS...!

JEFF? JEFF CAN YOU HEAR ME? THIS IS PETE.
WHAT DO YOU WANT?

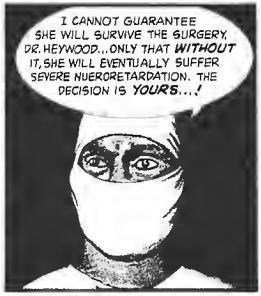
I WAN'T YOU TO BRING HER BACK NOW. YOU'VE HAD LONG ENOUGH TO GET IT OUT OF YOUR SYSTEM. THIS CAN'T WORK. YOU KNOW IT CAN'T.
GO TO HELL.


IS THIS WHAT YOU WANT--AN EIGHTEEN YEAR OLD WITH A FRAGMENTED MIND--KEPT ALIVE INTRAVENOUSLY LIKE A VEGETABLE? YOU'RE NOT LOVING KAREN, JEFF... YOU'RE LOVING AN ILLUSION.
YOU'RE THE SCIENTIFIC GENIUS... YOU FIGURE OUT A WAY TO GET HER BACK. MEANWHILE, LEAVE US THE HELL ALONE!

ARE YOU READY TO LISTEN TO ME NOW?

PLEASE, JEFF... I'M SO TIRED...
JUST A LITTLE FURTHER, PRINCESS. WE'LL BE SAFER UP ON HIGH GROUND. THE BIG LIZARDS STICK CLOSE TO THE MARSH.

LISTEN! THE GROUND'S SHAKING! WHAT IS IT?



GROWPH! HISSSSSS!

JESUS!

EEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEE!

YAAGGHH!
JEFF! NOOO!
MY GOD! IT'S BITING HIM IN HALF!
EEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEE!
THEY'VE BOTH GONE BLACK... KAREN MUST HAVE FAINTED.
A LITTLE TO THE RIGHT... THERE. THAT SHOULD DO IT.
THE OPERATION WAS A SUCESS, DOCTOR. YOUR WIFE WILL BE FI--
DEAR GOD! WHAT HAPPENED?
HE'D DIE FOR HER... I KNEW HE WOULD...!
YOU SEE, RUSS...HE WAS THE ONLY MAN FOR THE JOB.

END

# TIME AND TIME AGAIN

STORY: BRUCE JONES/ART: RICH CORBEN

...SO YOU SEE, MRS. HUDSON, IT'S IMPERATIVE THAT WE RETRIEVE THE PISTOL JEFF LYENDECKER DROPPED IN THE MARSH WHEN HE WENT BACK TO RESCUE YOU. IF WE ALLOW IT TO REMAIN IN THE CRETACEOUS AGE, IT MIGHT SET SET OFF AN ENTIRE CHAIN OF UNPLEASANT EVENTS...
FOR INSTANCE: WHAT IF SOME WANDERING NEANDERTHAL SHOULD ONE DAY COME ACROSS THE WEAPON? GRANTED, BY THEN IT WILL HAVE CORRODED BEYOND FUNCTIONING; HOWEVER, THE BASIC PRINCIPLE BEHIND ITS DESIGN MIGHT REGISTER IN HIS PRIMITIVE BRAIN. IF FIREARMS WERE DISCOVERED CENTURIES BEFORE THEIR TIME IT COULD DISRUPT HISTORY ALARMINGLY!-- THE GERMANS MAY HAVE WON WWII!
THERE ARE OTHER TELEPATHISTS WE COULD SEND, BUT NONE WITH YOUR KNOWLEDGE OF THE REGION.
WAIT A MINUTE! YOU MEAN THE GUN REMAINS IN THE CRETACEOUS AGE? EVEN AFTER JEFF HAS STOPPED MENTAL PROJECTION?
YES... AN UNFORSEEN DEVELOPMENT. ONCE INANIMATE OBJECTS TRAVERSE THE TIME BARRIER, THEY BECOME PERMANENTLY SOLIDIFIED... NO LONGER MERELY A PART OF THE VOYAGER'S MIND... UNLESS THEY'RE RETRIEVED WITHIN AN HOUR.
AND YOU WANT ME TO TIM BACK AND FETCH IT FOR YOU... BACK TO THE PLACE JEFF PULLED ME OUT OF THE RIVER?
...YES... ER... UH... THAT WAS THE PROPOSAL...
OKAY, MR. WEEMS, YOU'VE GOT YOUR TELEPATHIST--ON THESE CONDITIONS...
I WANT FREE ACCESS TO ALL VIDEO TAPES OF THE FIRST TRIP, PLUS THE RIGHT TO ANY EQUIPMENT I DEEM NECESSARY.
...AND I WANT A KEY TO THE LAB IN CASE I NEED TO DO ANY LATE-NIGHT HOMEWORK ON THE CRETACEOUS AGE. AGREED?
I... (GULP!)... THAT IS... WHATEVER YOU WISH... UH... MY DEAR...

YOU SHOULD BE DIRECTLY IN THE AREA THE PISTOL WAS LOST NOW, KAREN, ACCORDING TO OUR TAPES...
WHAT'S WITH THE HEAVY ARTILLERY?
KAREN SAID SHE'D FEEL LESS VULNERABLE WITH THE ROCKET LAUNCHER. I PROTESTED BUT WEEMS IS RUNNING THE SHOW...!
TAPE REPLAY 9-3-795
OKAY, PETE... I'VE FOUND IT.
TERRIFIC!
GO FIND A SAFE PLACE TO TM NOW, HONEY AND COME ON HOME... I KNOW THIS HASN'T BEEN PLEASANT FOR YOU...!
I SAID YOU CAN TM NOW, KAREN...!
I WANT TO CHECK ON SOMETHING FIRST.
WHAT GIVES?
I WAS AFRAID SHE'D TRY SOMETHING LIKE THIS...
KAREN, YOU ARE ORDERED TO TM IMMEDIATELY!
IN A SEC...
PROBLEMS, PETE! THE CONSOLE'S READING FUNNY! WANNA TAKE A LOOK?
CHRIST, WHAT NOW?
KAREN, I REPEAT THAT ORDER!

mmm-MPH!

SNORT!

IT'S 12 DIGITS OFF...AND I KNOW WE LOCKED IT AT 0.6.38! SOMEONE'S TAMPERED WITH THE EQUIPMENT!
AND I HAVE AN IDEA WHO THAT "SOMEONE" IS!

EASY, HONEY... IT'S JUST A STEGOSAURUS--THEY'RE HERBIVORES..
I KNOW WHAT IT IS, QUIT MOTHERING...

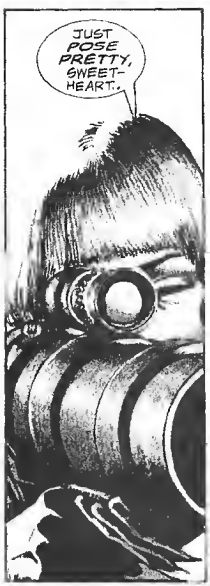
MIND THE TAIL!
RELAX, C-CENTER...I KNOW WHAT I'M DOING..!

KAREN! LISTEN! WE DISCOVERED THE ALTERATIONS YOU MADE ON THE CONSOLE. YOU'VE PUT YOURSELF IN ENORMOUS DANGER! YOU MUST TM IMMEDIATELY!
IN A LITTLE BIT...
I HAVE A SCORE TO SETTLE FIRST!

SHE'S AFTER THE REX THAT GOT LYENDECKER, ISN'T SHE?
YOU GOT IT!
HAL, REVERSE THE C·M UNIT TO HER BRAIN-- WE'RE GETTING HER BACK HERE WITH OR WITHOUT HER PERMISSION!
WAY AHEAD OF YOU, PETE... BUT OUR LITTLE SABOTEUR HAS BEEN HERE TOO!

INDUSTRIAL ACID! SHE HAD IT TIMED! NEAT!
WE'RE PICKING UP THAT TYRANNOSAURUS REX, PETE!
PATCH THAT GODDAMN THING BACK TO HER HEAD, HAL! I WANT HER BACK HERE IN FIVE MINUTES AND THAT'S AN ORDER!

THERE YOU ARE YOU BIG SON OF A BITCH...


JUST POSE PRETTY, SWEETHEART...

SKREEEEEEEES

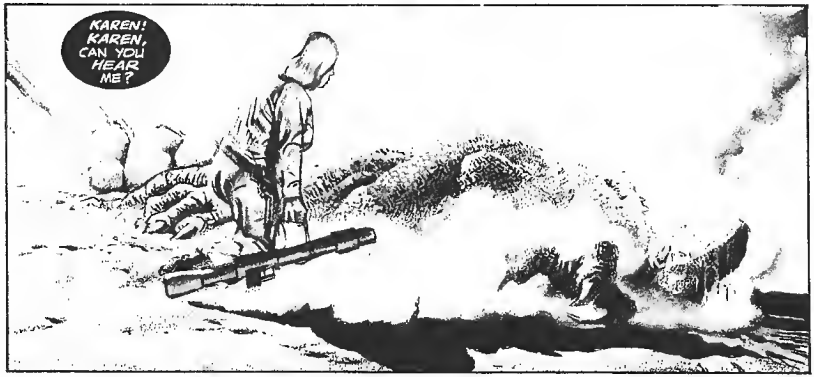
SPARRROOOO...
WHOOOSH

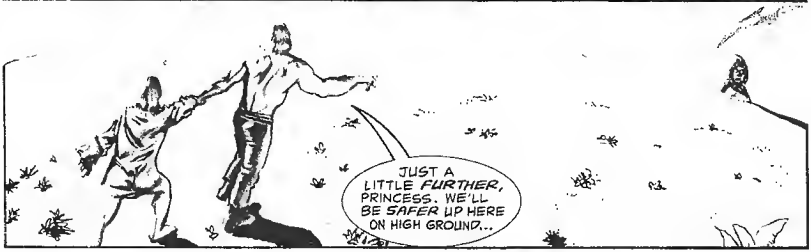
DAMN!
WELL, I'VE STILL GOT TWO ROCKETS...

DAMNIT, KAREN, YOU'VE GOT TO LISTEN--
FORGET IT, PETE. SHE'S DEAF--WE'VE LOST AUDIO TEMPORARILY!
WHOOOSH!
GROOMPH!
THUNK!
CHRIST! I SHOULDA' PRACTICED LONGER WITH THIS THING!
SNAP!
OKAY, YOU SLIMEY BASTARD... I CAN'T MISS AT THIS RANGE!

ALL RIGHT--I'VE GOT PART OF IT WORKING--SHALL I TRY IT?
YES, FOR CHRIST'S SAKE! KAREN, CAN YOU HEAR ME NOW? WE'RE BRINGING YOU BACK!
ZZZZZZT
POP
PETE! WHAT'RE YOU DOING TO ME?!!
WAIT A MINUTE! WAIT A MINUTE! YOU'RE LEAVING HER DEFENSELESS! TURN IT OFF!
SNAP
POP!
EEEEEEE!
KRAK
RUMBLE!
PETE! FOR GOD'S SAKE!
GODDAMNIT, HAL!!
JUST A SEC--GOT MY WIRES CROSSED!

WHOBAM!

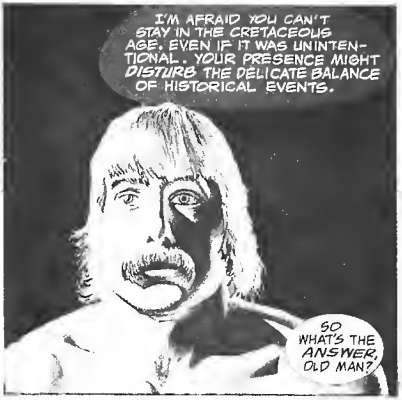

KAREN! KAREN, CAN YOU HEAR ME?


JUST A LITTLE FURTHER, PRINCESS. WE'LL BE SAFER UP HERE ON HIGH GROUND...

JEFF?-- WHAT IN THE WORLD?...
WE TRIED TO WARN YOU, KAREN... YOU MISCALCULATED WHEN YOU SABOTAGED THE TIME DIAL...
YOU DESTROYED THE TYRANNOSAURUS BEFORE IT KILLED JEFF.

A GENUINE TIME PARADOX!... IT'S FINALLY HAPPENED!
I'M AFRAID YOU'RE A BIT TOO LATE, HAL.
ALL FIXED, PETE! I CAN BRING HER BACK NOW...
DO YOU UNDERSTAND, JEFF? DO YOU COMPREHEND THE SITUATION?

I THINK SO... THAT DINOSAUR WAS SUPPOSE TO EAT ME BUT THIS FUTURE KAREN GOT TO HIM FIRST... WHICH LEAVES ME STRANDED HERE BECAUSE MY BODY WAS BURIED BACK HOME... RIGHT?
THERE'S MORE TO IT THAN THAT, JEFF.


I'M AFRAID YOU CAN'T STAY IN THE CRETACEOUS AGE, EVEN IF IT WAS UNINTENTIONAL. YOUR PRESENCE MIGHT DISTURB THE DELICATE BALANCE OF HISTORICAL EVENTS.
SO WHAT'S THE ANSWER, OLD MAN?

THERE'S ONLY ONE ANSWER, JEFF...
...ISN'T THAT SO, PETE?
I'M AFRAID SO, DARLING... GOD... IF THERE WERE ANY OTHER WAY...

I SEE... I'M TO BE EXECUTED.
FINE. EXCEPT THAT YOU'LL NEVER BE ABLE TO PULL THE TRIGGER, PRINCESS...!
IF I DON'T THEY'LL SEND ANOTHER TELEPATHIST WHO WILL! I'M TO BLAME FOR THIS. WOULDN'T YOU PREFER IT DONE BY SOMEONE WHO CARES?...

NOBODY'S MURDERING MY JEFF!

CHRIST, RUSS, CAN'T YOU GET A BETTER PICTURE?
SORRY, PETE--WE'RE LOSING VIDEO--THAT ACID SHE USED IS GUMMING UP THE WORKS AGAIN!
STOP IT! BOTH OF YOU!
..UH!..
BLAM! BLAM! EE-EEEEEE!
THERE GOES OUR PICTURE!
KAREN! KAREN, COME IN!
PETE! SHE'S COMING AROUND! SHE'S BACK!
DARLING! YOU'RE SAFE!
THUD!
CUT IT OUT, HUDSON!
OH MY GOD!
LYENDECKER! HE'S IN HER BODY!
YOU KNOW WHAT THEY SAY... "ANY PORT IN A STORM"...

END

# Years & Mind Forever

ON A ROUTINE TRIP to the Cretaceous period, an earthquake shook the Time Travel Lab, injuring Karen, stranding her image in the past without memory. Karen's husband, Pete, commissioned ace Time Traveler Jeff Lyendecker (Karen's old lover) to rescue her. At the Lab, a surgeon worked frantically to repair Karen's damaged brain while in the past, a huge Tyranosaurus attacked the fearful couple. At the last minute, the operation proved successful. Karen's image returned to her body, but Lyendecker died in the attack.

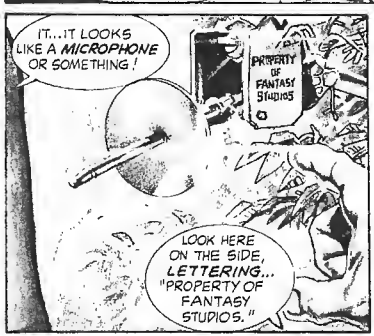
KAREN RETURNED to the Cretaceous, bent on revenge. She destroyed the marauding Tyranosaurus, killing the beast too early. Jeff and her former memoryless image remained alive. Karen was ordered to shoot Jeff to coordinate Past and Present. But before she could pull the trigger, her amnesiac image attacked. As her two selfs struggled, the gun went off. At the Lab, Karen awoke. Lyendecker alone had returned to the present and now inhabited Karen's body.

STORY: BRUCE JONES/ART: RICH CORBEN

ALL RIGHT, SHE'S ALL YOURS...
...YOU GO OFF DUTY AT 0350... AND REMEMBER, NO TALKING TO THE PRISONER!

SAY...YOU'RE NEW HERE AREN'T YOU? I DON'T REMEMBER SEEING YOU BEFORE!
HOW ABOUT LENDING A GIRL A CIGARETTE? I'M FRESH OUT.

THANKS.
M-M...WHAT A PRETTY GUN. I'LL BET YOU CAN PICK OFF A FLY AT FORTY PACES WITH IT. YOU LOOK EXTREMELY WELL TRAINED. SPECIAL FORCES, ISN'T IT, CORPORAL? YOU BOYS SURE KNOW YOUR STUFF. BEEN IN TRAINING LONG? OH, NAUGHTY ME...YOU'RE NOT SUPPOSE TO TALK ARE YOU?


IT...IT LOOKS LIKE A MICROPHONE OR SOMETHING!
PROPERTY OF FANTASY STUDIOS
LOOK HERE ON THE SIDE, LETTERING... "PROPERTY OF FANTASY STUDIOS."

THAT'S IMPOSS...HOW COULD IT GET BACK THERE?
IT COULDN'T, WHICH MEANS ONLY ONE THING: THEY WERE NEVER BACK THERE! HERE'S SOMETHING ELSE YOU MIGHT FIND INTERESTING!

ONE LITTLE LOOK WON'T HURT. C'MON...YOU HAVEN'T SEEN A WOMAN IN MONTHS ...AND I PROMISE I WON'T TELL..

LIKE WHAT YOU SEE? THERE'S PLENTY MORE TO COME...
...WHY DON'T YOU LEAVE THAT HEAVY OLD GUN OUT THERE AND COME IN HERE WITH ME FOR A FEW MINUTES?
M-M-M... I'VE HEARD ALL KINDS OF STORIES ABOUT YOU SPECIAL FORCES BOYS...
...WHAT SAY WE FIND OUT IF ANY OF THEM ARE TRUE!
IT'S A STEEL ARMATURE FOR AN ANIMATOR'S RUBBER MODEL OF A DINOSAUR ...THE ONE THAT SUPPOSEDLY "BIT" LYENDECKER IN HALF. WE FOUND IT IN HIS ROOM ALONG WITH ALL THE OTHER REPTILES THAT APPEARED ON THE SCREEN.
I'M AFRAID WE'VE ALL BEEN VICTIMS OF A MASSIVE HOAX!
HE RIGGED IT! THE WHOLE THING, BOTH TRIPS! THEY NEVER LEFT THE PRESENT! IT'S ALL A SHAM--A STUDIO TRICK! ANIMATED DINOSAURS!
BUT WHAT ABOUT JEFF'S REAL BODY? IT WAS BITTEN IN HALF!
IF IT WAS JEFF'S BODY...WE'RE HAVING IT EXHUMED NOW TO CHECK FINGER PRINTS.
THEN IF IT'S ALL A FAKE... WHO'S THAT GIRL WE'RE HOLDING PRISONER?
OOOOO... WHAT BIG, BROAD SHOULDERS...
...HERE LET ME DO THAT!
AUGH!
THUD!

KRAK!
YAGH!
OOOF!
HO
EE-HA!
KRAK
THBLIMP
SMASH!
THRAK
SWAK
AAAUGH!

AAAAAAAAGHHH!
CRASH!
THIS ISN'T MY WIFE...
...SHE HAD HER APPENDIX REMOVED SIX YEARS AGO...THERE SHOULD BE A SCAR.
IT WAS ALL AN ACT THEN...JEFF NEVER DID COME BACK IN HER BODY. IT WAS ALL A PLANT TO DELAY THE PROJECT.
WE'RE CHECKING ON HER REAL IDENTITY NOW, PETE. PROBABLY AN ACTRESS LYENDECKER HIRED. MEANWHILE, WE'VE RUN A TRACE ON EVERYONE CONNECTED WITH THE FIRST TRIP--ALL PERSONNEL CHECKED OUT EXCEPT FOR THE DOCTOR WHO OPERATED ON KAREN.
SO YOU THINK THE DOCTOR, LYENDECKER AND KAREN ARE ALL IN THIS THING TOGETHER...OKAY, LET'S ASSUME THEY DID FIND DOUBLES FOR JEFF AND KAREN AND THE DOCTOR SWITCHED THEM DURING THE EARTHQUAKE OR THE OPERATION OR WHATEVER--
--WHY? WHAT DO THEY HOPE TO GAIN BY ALL THIS--AND WHERE ARE THE REAL JEFF AND KAREN NOW?

THAT'S THE SIXTY-FOUR DOLLAR QUESTION. LYENDECKER BURNT ALL OF HIS RECORDS...ALL WE COULD FIND WAS THIS SCRAP MENTIONING THE TERTIARY AGE...WE'VE DECIDED TO BEGIN SEARCHING THERE.

GREG--OUR PHONY JAIL GUARD--IS SECOND ONLY TO LYENDECKER IN TELEPATHIC ABILITIES. WHILE OUR TEAM SEARCHES HERE FOR THE PHYSICAL BODIES OF JEFF AND KAREN, GREG WILL BE LOOKING IN THE PAST.
THE PAST? YOU MEAN LYENDECKER HAS ACCESS TO ANOTHER LAB SOMEWHERE?

WE THINK HE MIGHT BE WORKING FOR ANOTHER GOVERNMENT.

CAREFUL, NOW, GREG...REMEMBER, SOME OF THE BIG REPTILES MAY STILL BE ALIVE IN THIS AGE!

BUT AT WHAT SPECIFIC SPOT DO WE KNOW HE'LL ENCOUNTER JEFF AND KAREN?
WE'RE TRYING ANCIENT KANSAS...LYENDECKER'S NOTES INDICATED HE MIGHT BEGIN THERE.

ANYTHING, GREG?
SOMETHING UNUSUAL DOWN THERE ON THE BEACH...I'M GOING TO TAKE A LOOK!

SOMEBODY'S LAUNCHED A CRAFT OF SOME KIND HERE...PROBABLY A RUBBER RAFT FROM THE LOOKS OF THESE MARKS!
THAT'S GOT TO BE THEM!

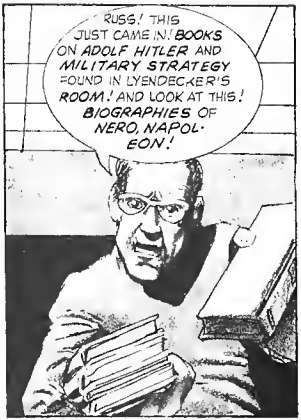
...PUT TO SEA! NOW WHAT DO WE DO?
EASY... BUILD A RAFT!

ANY SIGN YET, GREG?
NEGATIVE. BUT I SEE WHAT APPEARS TO BE AN ISLAND IN THE DISTANCE.

WHAT THE HELL!

WHAT WAS THAT?
I DUNNO... SOMETHING STRUCK THE RAFT FROM BELOW... DON'T SEE ANYTHING NOW...

RAUUUGGGHHHH!


RUSS! THIS JUST CAME IN! BOOKS ON ADOLF HITLER AND MILITARY STRATEGY FOUND IN LYENDECKER'S ROOM! AND LOOK AT THIS! BIOGRAPHIES OF NERO, NAPOLEON!

IT'S A PLESIOSAUR, GREG!
YOU'RE TELLING ME!

... PAPERS ON TIME TRAVEL! A WHOLE DOSIER ON OUR PROJECT! NOTES ON HOW TO BUILD THE EQUIPMENT! HE KNEW OUR ENTIRE OPERATION!
LATER, HARRY-- WE'RE BUSY NOW!

BLAM! BLAM! BLAM!

GREG! BEHIND YOU!

BLAM!
BLAM!
BLAM!

LORDY!

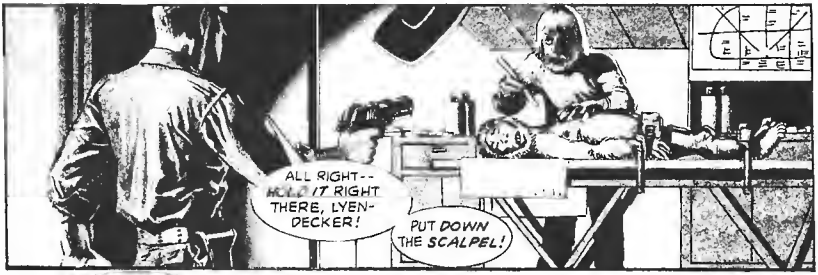
GET THE HELL OUT OF THERE!

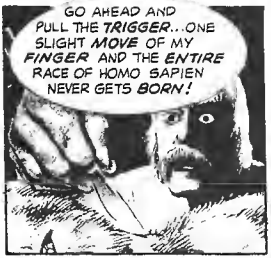
WE GOT OUR ACTRESS TO TALK-- SHE TOLD US WHERE THESE WERE HID!
RESEARCH ON EARLY MAN, TRACING BACK TO HIS VERY BEGINNINGS...
...THE TERTIARY AGE!

I'VE SPOTTED SOMETHING! HEY!
MY GOD! IT'S A MODERN BUILDING...!

...EARLY MAN... ADOLF HITLER... LORD, THAT'S IT! THAT'S HIS PLAN!
GREG! YOU'VE GOT TO STOP HIM! HE'LL ANNIHILATE THE HUMAN RACE!

HE'S OUT TO RULE THE WORLD...TO CHANGE THE COURSE OF HUMAN HISTORY! HE'S FOUND THE GREAT GRANDADDY OF ALL OF US... PREHISTORIC MAN!

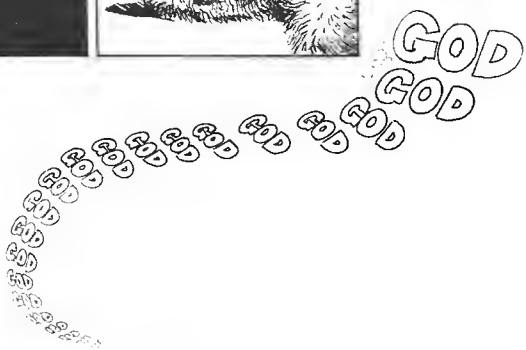

ALL RIGHT-- HOLD IT RIGHT THERE, LYENDECKER!
PUT DOWN THE SCALPEL!


GO AHEAD AND PULL THE TRIGGER...ONE SLIGHT MOVE OF MY FINGER AND THE ENTIRE RACE OF HOMO SAPIEN NEVER GETS BORN!

UH!

GREG! LOOK OUT!
BUMP

BLAM!


GOD
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END

STORY: GREG POTTER / ART: RICH CORBEN

YOU KNOW HOW IT ***ENDS,*** CHILD! BUT YOU NEVER DID KNOW HOW IT ***BEGAN.*** YOU WERE NOT THERE TO SEE THE SKIES DARKEN WITH ***GLOOM...*** TO FEEL ***TEARS*** DRIBBLE FROM THE CLOUDS... TO WATCH THE TERRIBLE ***SORROW*** ON YOUR FATHER'S FACE AS HE LAID HIS BELOVED ***WIFE*** TO ***REST...!***

IT'S NOT ***FAIR,*** ELLIE! IT'S NOT FAIR THAT YOU DIED AND LEFT ME ALONE!

YOU NEVER EVEN GAVE ME A CHILD. I WANTED A SON, LIKE JERRY'S... BUT YOU ***CHEATED*** ME! IT'S NOT ***RIGHT*** ELLIE... SOB...!

ONLY JEROME LIEDERMAN AND ***HIS*** SON WERE THERE TO SHARE YOUR DADDY'S ***SORROW!*** GOOD OLD JERRY, DADDY'S BEST FRIEND... AND HIS ***LANDLORD...***

BARTON, YOU'VE GOT TO ***FORGET*** ELLIE... FORGET THE PAST! YOU'VE GOT YOUR WHOLE LIFE AHEAD OF YOU...!

YOU'RE A ***BRILLIANT*** SCIENTIST, BARTON, WITH A ***PROMISING*** FUTURE! LOSE YOURSELF IN YOUR ***WORK...*** TRY TO FORGET ELLIE! YOU CAN LIVE ***RENT FREE*** FOR A WHILE!

THAT'S ***IT,*** JERRY, I'LL ***CREATE*** THE SON ELLIE NEVER GAVE ME!

...AND THE FIRST PERSON TO ***DOUBT*** YOUR FATHER'S ***SANITY...!***

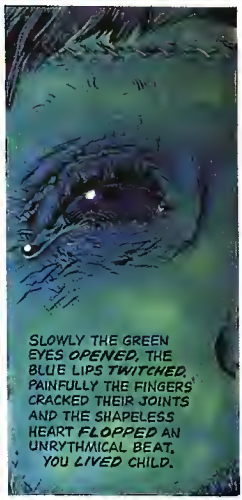
THAT WAS WHERE IT ***STARTED,*** CHILD. THAT WAS THE MOMENT OF YOUR UNEARTHLY ***CONCEPTION.*** THAT VERY SAME NIGHT YOUR FATHER PUT YOU ***TOGETHER*** FROM PIECES OF BIOLOGICAL EXPERIMENTS, ***HALF ROTTEN*** IN HIS LONG UNUSED LABORATORY ON BLUECHERRY HILL MANSION!

I SHALL HAVE A SON WHO WILL NEVER GROW ***OLDER...*** NEVER BECOME ***MATURE!*** ALWAYS... ALWAYS WILL HE WORSHIP HIS FATHER!

AND I WILL BE ***PROUD*** TO BE THE FATHER OF A BOY WITH THE ***MUSCLES*** OF A ***BULL,*** THE ***EYES*** OF AN ***EAGLE!***

I'M GOING TO ***HAVE*** A SON, ELLIE! I'M GOING TO HAVE A ***SON!***

STITCH BY STITCH, PIECE BY PUTRID PIECE THE WORK ***PROGRESSED*** UNTIL THE ***UGLY,*** DISTORTED FRAME OF A ***HUMANOID CHILD*** LAY UPON THE WORKBENCH OF THE CRAZED SCIENTIST.



YOU SAW HIM...YOUR DADDY. YOU STRETCHED YOUR LOVING ARMS TO EMBRACE HIM. YOU ADVANCED. BUT YOU DIDN'T COMPREHEND THE LOOK OF HORROR WHICH SLOWLY DROPPED IT'S SHADOW ACROSS HIS FACE.
H-HE'S UGLY! LORD, HE'S UGLY AS SIN. HOW COULD I HAVE THOUGHT...
I'VE GOT TO UNDO THIS DREADFUL MIS-TAKE AND DE-STROY IT...!
CONFUSION. DADDY RAN FROM YOU. DIDN'T DADDY LIKE YOU? DIDN'T DADDY LOVE HIS BOY?
CERTAINLY DADDY LOVED HIS BOY! HE CREATED HIM, DIDN'T HE? DADDY'S JUST PLAYING HIDE AND SEEK. HAPPILY YOU LUMBERED OFF AFTER DADDY AND FOUND HIM! DADDY WASN'T VERY GOOD AT HIDING.
STAY BACK! DAMN YOU CHILD, OR I'LL...
SNIFF!
W-WHA?
WELL OF ALL THE... H-HE'S CRYING! BUT WHY...?
I GET IT! I'VE SCOLDED HIM AND HE DOESN'T KNOW WHY.
THERE, CHILD. DON'T CRY. PLEASE DON'T CRY. DAD'S HERE

AND THAT WAS THE LAST TIME DADDY EVER MADE YOU *UNHAPPY*, WASN'T IT CHILD? THE FOLLOWING YEARS WERE FULL OF *LOVE*. YOU DIDN'T *CARE* ABOUT THE WORLD BEYOND YOUR FATHER'S LONELY HOUSE... *IT* AND *DADDY* WERE ALL YOU *DESIRED*.

THEN ONE NIGHT, YOU HEARD DADDY TALKING TO SOME *MEN*. SO YOU SNEAKED DOWN TO SEE THEM. THEY WERE PLAYING *COPS* AND *ROBBERS* WITH DADDY.

LISTEN, DOC, WE KNOW YOU'RE A RECLUSE. YOU DON'T GO TO BANKS. WHERE DO YOU STASH YOUR *MONEY?*

I DON'T HAVE *TIME* FOR THE LIKES OF YOU!

BUT THEY PLAYED TOO *ROUGH* AND *HURT* DADDY...

MAKE TIME, OLD MAN!

WHACK!

AND THAT *ANGERED* YOU! *NO ONE* COULD PICK ON YOUR DADDY!

W-WHAT KIND OF *THING* IS *THAT?*

YOU HAD TO TEACH THESE BAD MEN A *LESSON*. SO YOU GRABBED HOLD OF THE ONE WHO HIT DADDY AND ANGRILY *SQUEEZED* HIS *THROAT*...

...UNTIL THE FUNNY LITTLE GURGLING NOISES HE MADE HAD *CEASED*, AND HIS FACE HAD TURNED A SOFT BLUE.

AND AS FOR THE *OTHER* BAD MAN...

BASH!

THBLUMP

AND THEN YOU SCURRIED UPSTAIRS BEFORE DADDY *AWOKE* TO FIND YOU *UP* PAST YOUR *BEDTIME*.

YOU DIDN'T SEE DADDY *AWAKE*. YOU DIDN'T SEE THE LOOK OF *HORROR* ON HIS FACE WHEN HE SAW WHAT YOU HAD DONE.

*GOD!* I'VE CREATED A *MONSTER*...! WHAT KIND OF *BLOODTHIRSTY*.. BUT NO! *CHILD* IS THE SAME AS ANY OTHER KID.

HE'S NO DIFFERENT FROM THE LITTLE GIRL WHO THROWS SAND IN HER FRIEND'S EYES OR THE BOY WHO *DESTROYS* HIS BROTHER'S TOYS.

CHILD IS JUST... *STRONGER*. THAT'S ALL. HIS *MIND* ISN'T READY TO *CONTROL* THE *POWER* HIS BODY AFFORDS HIM.

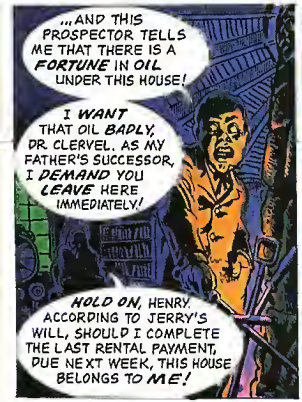
*MORE* YEARS PASSED. *FUNNY* THINGS WERE BEGINNING TO HAPPEN TO DADDY. HIS HAIR WAS GETTING LIGHTER AND ALL DAY LONG HE SAT IN A FUNNY METAL CHAIR WITH WHEELS! IF *DADDY* WAS *CHANGING*, WHY WASN'T *CHILD*?

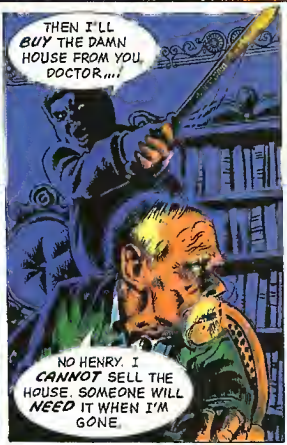
CHILD, I'VE SOME *SAD* NEWS. MY GOOD FRIEND AND OUR OLD LANDLORD JERRY LIEDERMAN *PASSED AWAY* LAST NIGHT. POOR JERRY, YOU REMEMBER ME TELLING YOU OF HIM...?

AND FOR THE FIRST TIME IN A LONG TIME, YOU WERE *SAD* BECAUSE DADDY BEGAN TO *CRY*. YOU COULD NOT *SEE* THE TEARS... BUT YOU KNEW OF HIS *SORROW*...

HE WAS A GOOD FRIEND. CHILD I *LOVED* HIM!

THE VISIT WAS HARDLY A PLEASANT ONE.



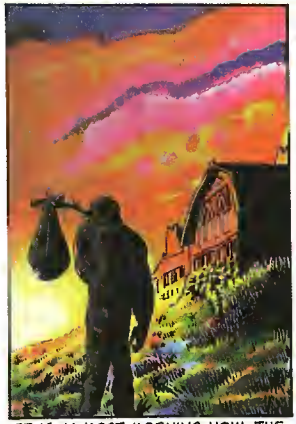
THE FIRST PANGS OF *GRIEF* ARE NOT YET OVER WHEN YOU *HEAR* THEM... THE FOOTSTEPS ASCENDING THE STAIRS FROM DADDY'S *LABORATORY!*

TENDERLY, YOU PLACE DADDY BACK UPON THE UNCARING, BLOOD-STAINED FLOOR. QUIETLY YOU *HIDE*, LETTING THE FOOTSTEPS GET CLOSER AND *CLOSER!*

AND WITH EACH FOOTFALL THE *HATE* WELLS UP INSIDE YOU, YOUR BLOOD *BOILS* AND YOUR FINGERS *ITCH* FOR THE FEEL OF FLESH. SUDDENLY, THE MAN *APPEARS...*

...HE *SEES* YOU...

AND YOU ARE *UPON HIM!*



IT IS ALMOST MORNING NOW. THE SKY IS BLEEDING UPON THE HORIZON AND THE NOCTURNAL CRICKETS ARE OUTDONE BY THE SONGS OF THE DAWN SPARROWS.

ONE LAST *PRAYER*, CHILD. ONE LAST *WHIMPER* AT THE SANDBOX *GRAVE*.

ONE LAST *SOB*, AND YOU ARE *OFF*, PUSHING YOUR WAY PAST THE SWING SET WHICH NOW DISPLAYS A *GRISLY* NEW ADDITION... THE GENTLY SWAYING *BODY* OF *HENRY LIEDERMAN.*

ONE *LAST* LOOK, CHILD, AT THE *HOME* YOU HAVE LOVED SO DEARLY..!

NOW IT *BEGINS* CHILD... YOUR JOURNEY INTO A WORLD YOU KNOW *NOTHING* ABOUT!

# CHILD

*IT* LIES IN THE PINK GLOW OF THE MORNING SUN... THROWING LONG SHADOWS UPON THE HALF-DEAD BLADES OF GRASS. IT IS ***DESERTED***, AND ITS SOUND IS THAT OF THE DELICATE NEW ENGLAND BREEZE SINGING A GENTLE LULLABYE.

YOU STARE DOWN UPON IT FROM YOUR HILLSIDE PERCH. AND YOU CANNOT ***FIGURE OUT*** WHAT IT IS. THE MORE YOU STARE AT IT, THE MORE ***PUZZLED*** YOU BECOME.

YOU DO NOT KNOW THAT ITS STRANGE FORMATIONS, THE LIKE OF WHICH YOU HAVE NEVER SEEN BEFORE, ARE CALLED ***HOUSES*** AND ***STORES***... AND TOGETHER ARE CALLED ***TOWN***.

# MIND of the MASS!

*TOWN*... *COMMUNITY*... THESE WORDS HAVE LITTLE MEANING FOR YOU. FOR ALTHOUGH YOUR ***BODY*** IS THAT OF A ***BRUTISH***, ENORMOUSLY POWERFUL ***MONSTER***, YOUR ***INTELLECT*** AND EXPERIENCE IS THAT OF A MERE CHILD.

IN YOUR SHELTERED PAST, YOU HAVE KNOWN ONLY TWO MEN. YOUR ***FATHER***, THE MAN WHO ***CREATED*** YOU... FROM PIECES OF DEAD ANIMALS AND CARCASSES! AND JERRY LIEDERMAN, THE MAN WHO ***MURDERED*** YOUR ***FATHER*** ONLY SHORT HOURS AGO.

STORY: GREG POTTER / ART: RICHARD CORBEN

NOW YOU ARE FEELING YOUR FIRST PANGS OF *CURIOSITY*. A FEW UNCERTAIN STEPS AND YOU ARE IN THE *MIDDLE* OF IT...RIGHT ON *MAIN STREET*. YOU SMILE. THIS IS *DISCOVERY*...*ADVENTURE!*

YOU *ADVANCE* A LITTLE FURTHER. YOUR CONFIDENCE MULTIPLYING WITH EACH DUSTY THUD OF YOUR MASSIVE FEET. IN THE DISTANCE, YOU SEE *HER*...!

ONE... TWO... THREE...

IT IS THE FIRST TIME YOU HAVE SEEN SUCH *BEAUTY*. YOU ARE *AWED*. YOUR EYES *SPARKLE*. YOUR SOUL IS *WARMED*.

...FOUR... FIVE... SIX...

*MOMMY! MOMMY!*

EEEEEEEEEEEEE!

THAK!

THUD!

SUDDENLY, THERE IS AN *EXPLOSION!* YOU FEEL SOMETHING *RIP* INTO YOUR SHOULDER BLADE...VIOLENTLY KNOCKING YOU DOWN...

LET GO OF MY CHILD!

BLAM!

YOU *LAY* THERE FOR A MOMENT, TRYING TO *COMPREHEND* WHAT IT IS THAT HAS *HIT* YOU. YOU *FAIL*, EVEN THE SIGHT OF A SMOKING SHOTGUN BARREL BRINGS NO UNDERSTANDING.

*FRUSTRATION* MINGLES WITH *PAIN*, SYNTHESISING *FURY!* A FLASH OF BLOODLUST *EXPLODES* IN YOU! YOU *LASH OUT*. FOR THE FIRST TIME, CHILD, YOU FEEL *HATE*.

YOUR FEET CARRY YOU *SWIFTLY* THROUGH THE MAIN STREET OF THE TOWN. YOU STOP MOMENTARILY TO PICK UP A *FRIEND*, AND THEN YOU ARE AGAIN *RUNNING* RAPIDLY *AWAY*.

STOP!

HE'S HIT...

...THE NEVESON CHILD!

LIKE A FRIGHTENED *MOOSE*, YOU CRASH *CLUMSILY* THROUGH THE WOODS WHICH BORDER THE TOWN. *BEHIND* YOU, YOU CAN HEAR *PURSUERS* CURSING.

YOUR *HATE* HAS MELLOWED INTO *FEAR*. YOU DO NOT CARE *WHERE* YOU ARE GOING SO YOU DO NOT *LOOK*.

WHOP!

THE FALL STUNS YOU ONLY FOR AN *INSTANT*, THEN RISING...YOU REACH FOR YOUR *FRIEND*...

...AND FOR A *SECOND* TIME, YOU HEAR THE DREADED *EXPLOSION* OF A SHOTGUN!

BLAM!

BLAM!

NOW THEY HAVE GONE *TOO FAR!* NOW THEY HAVE HARMED YOUR *FRIEND!* THE *FEAR* IS FORGOTTEN... AND AGAIN THE *HATE* RETURNS BUT THERE IS LITTLE YOU CAN *DO*, CHILD...!

BUT THE CABIN DOES NOT INTEREST YOU. WHAT DOES CATCH YOUR FANCY IS THE FRAGRANT WARMTH OF A FRESH BAKED APPLE PIE COOLING ON A STOOL.

CAUTIOUSLY YOU STEAL UP TO THE FOOD... TAKING ONE BITE, THEN TWO... NEVER NOTICING A FRAGILE FORM BEHIND YOU.

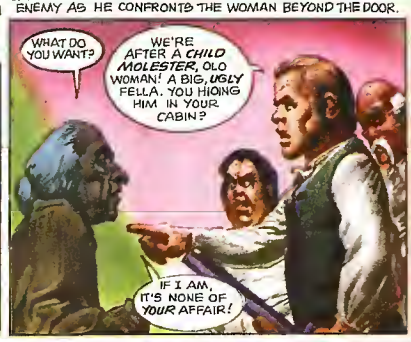
YOU TURN AT THE SOUND OF HER VOICE. YOU WHIMPER AT HER ADVANCE. YOU EXPECT TO BE SCOLDED ABOUT THE PIE.

YOU CRINGE AT HER TOUCH, EXPECTING CRUELTY. INSTEAD, SHE GENTLY CARESSES YOUR FACE, YOUR ARMS, YOUR TORSO. SHE SEES YOU THROUGH THE EYES OF HER FINGERTIPS.

SUDDENLY, THEY ARE UPON YOUR TRAIL AGAIN! FROM THE DEPTHS OF THE WOODS, YOU HEAR THEM... THE TOWNSPEOPLE!

IMPULSIVELY YOU CLING TO THIS WOMAN, WHINING AND SHAKING IN FEAR AND FATIGUE. SHE FEELS YOU TREMBLE, SHE HEARS YOUR PURSUERS AND SHE KNOWS!

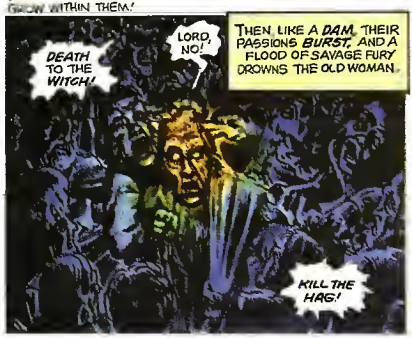
THE WOMAN LOCKS YOU IN AND YOU ARE CONTENT TO HIDE IN THE SECURE BLACKNESS OF THE CABIN. YOU CAN ALREADY HEAR THE GUTTERAL VOICE OF YOUR ENEMY AS HE CONFRONTS THE WOMAN BEYOND THE DOOR.



MOVE ASIDE, OLD WOMAN!
HOLD IF YOU VALUE YOUR SOULS! BY THE POWERS OF MY GREAT LORD AND MASTER, SATAN, I CURSE THE FIRST MAN WHO CROSSES MY THRESHOLD.
YOU DO NOT KNOW WHAT SUPERSTITION IS, CHILD. YOU HAVE NEVER SEEN IT BEFORE. YET EVEN THROUGH THE CLOSED DOOR OF YOUR HIDING PLACE, YOU CAN FEEL ITS UGLY CLAWS AS THEY SINK DEEP INTO THE MINDS OF THE TOWNSPEOPLE.
S-SHE'S A WITCH!
WE CAN'T FIGHT NO MAGICAL SPELLS!
SLOWLY, THE MEN RETREAT!
WE'LL BE BACK, WITCH!
THEY'RE GONE NOW. I SCARED THEM AWAY. JUST PUT ON MY OLD WITCH ACT AND POOF.. THEY DISAPPEARED LIKE MAGIC!
THEY'LL BE BACK. BUT BEFORE THEN, I'M GOING TO SEE TO IT THAT YOU GET FED!
THERE WE ARE. IT MAY NOT BE FANCY, BUT IT'S NOURISHING. AND I DIDN'T COOK IT UP BY MAGIC!
COULDN'T IF I WANTED TO. I'M NOT A REAL WITCH. THEY ONLY THINK I AM.
THAT'S WHY I LIVE WAY OUT HERE ALONE. THEM DAMNED PEOPLE AND THEIR SUPERSTITIONS..! THEY DROVE ME OUT OF TOWN! BUT YOU DON'T WANT TO HEAR ABOUT AN OLD WOMAN'S TROUBLES NOW, DO YOU, CHILD?
AFTER YOU FINISH YOUR MEAL, YOU TAKE A NICE NAP. MEANWHILE, YOUR TEDDY BEAR WILL GET A FEW HEALING STITCHES!

IT IS THE BLIND WOMAN WHO AWAKENS FIRST. HER SENSES ARE MORE ACUTE THAN YOURS, CHILD.

FOR A MOMENT, THE TOWNSPEOPLE MERELY STARE AT THE BLIND WOMAN... LETTING HATE, FEAR AND SUPERSTITION GROW WITHIN THEM!




AND AN INNOCENT PAWN IS SWEPT ALONG IN AN UNCARING TIDE... TO HER DOOM!

MORE TORCHES ARE THROWN UPON THE KINDLING WOOD BENEATH THE STAKE! THE FLAMES SHOOT LONG DESTRUCTIVE TENTACLES INTO THE BLIND WOMAN'S FACE, AND IN HER LAST MOMENTS, CHILD, SHE THINKS OF YOU!

CHILD! RUN! SAVE YOURSELF AND RUN!

HEAR THAT? THE MONSTER IS IN THAT CABIN! BEN, CURLY! LET'S GET HIM!

NO, THEY ARE NOT DONE YET WITH THEIR BLOODY LITTLE VENDETTA! YOU CAN SEE THEM THROUGH THE WINDOW AS THEY COME FOR YOU...! BUT YOU WON'T RUN... THIS TIME.

AGAIN THEY HAVE GONE TOO FAR! THEY'VE HURT YOUR FRIEND! THIS TIME YOU WILL MAKE THEM PAY.

THERE HE IS!

YOU MOVE TO CHARGE THEM... AND YOU AGAIN HEAR THAT ACCURSED EXPLOSION! PAIN HITS YOU IN YOUR LEG AND YOU CRUMBLE UPON ONE KNEE LIKE A BROKEN DOLL!

BLAM!

YOU GOT HIM, JONATHAN!

BUT YOU PAY NO ATTENTION TO THE BLACK-RED POOL OF YOUR OWN BLOOD AS IT FLOWS FREELY UPON THE CABIN FLOOR. YOU REACH BACK WITH A FLUID MOTION AND GRASP A LEG OF A HEAVY OAKEN TABLE BEHIND YOU!

C'MON, JONATHAN! LOAD UP AND FINISH HIM OFF!

VIOLENTLY YOU HEAVE IT OVER YOUR HEAD, SLAMMING IT HARD INTO YOUR ENEMIES... CRUSHING THEM LIKE GNATS UNDER YOUR AWESOME WEIGHT!

WHAM!

SILENCE. SLOWLY YOU *RISE* AND THE BULLET IMBEDDED IN YOUR CALF SHOOTS SPLINTERS OF SEARING *AGONY* THROUGH YOUR ENTIRE FRAME.

CAUTIOUSLY YOU AVOID THE TABLE UNDER WHICH THREE FLATTENED CORPSES LIE. YOU REACH THE *WALL* AND *LEAN* HEAVILY UPON IT...!

THEN YOU *STRAIN* AND YOU *SWEAT* AND YOU *BITE YOUR LIP* UNTIL THE BLOOD FLOWS WARMLY OVER YOUR CHIN.

SQUEEEK!

GRIND!

AND JUST WHEN YOU THINK YOU CAN STRAIN *NO MORE*, THE *WALL BUCKLES*...

...TOTALLY *DESTROYING* AN ENTIRE *TOWN!*

KA BRUMBLE!

NOW THERE IS BUT *ONE* THING LEFT *UNDONE*. ALL THE *RAGE*, ALL THE *VIOLENCE* THAT IS PENT UP INSIDE YOU... YOU MUST *RELEASE* IT, CHILD. YOU MUST *CRY!*

AND WHEN ALL YOUR TEARS ARE *SPENT*, YOU KNOW IT IS TIME TO *GO*, CHILD. THERE IS NOTHING MORE YOU CAN *DO* FOR THE OLD WOMAN... NO WAY YOU CAN *REPAY* HER. BUT YOU CAN LEAVE YOUR *FRIEND*, CHILD...

...TO SILENTLY *WATCH OVER* HER... *FOREVER!*

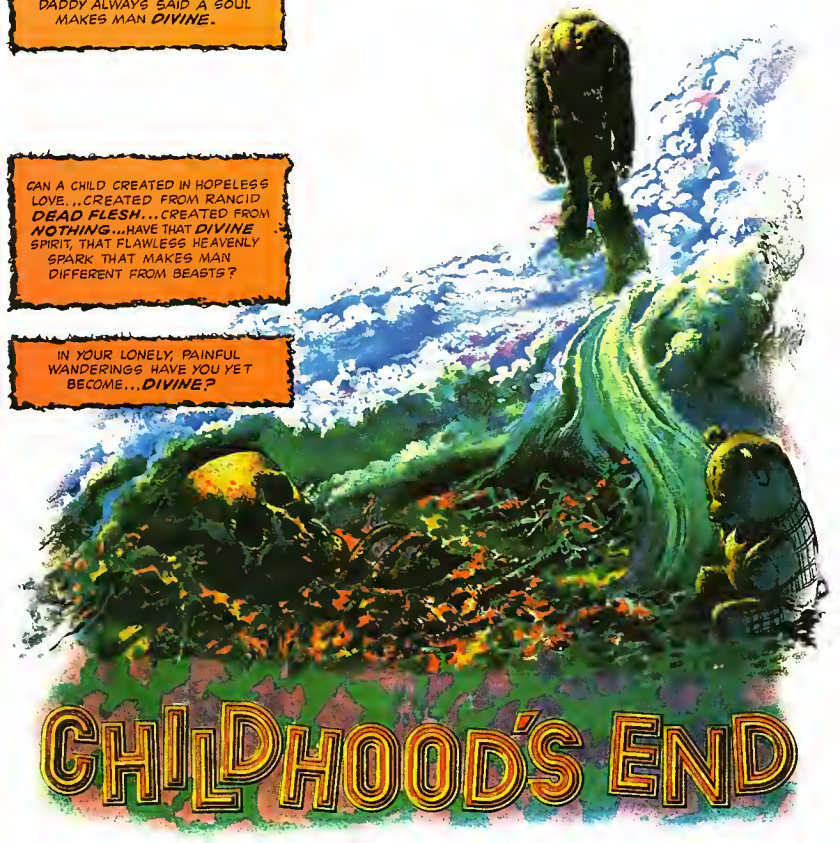
THE WORLD, CHILD, IS HARD, ***CRUEL.*** A PLACE WITHOUT REASON TO THE TO THE INNOCENT. A PLACE WHERE THE SMALL, THE HELPLESS, THE PURE ARE SOILED AND ***RUINED,*** EVEN ***MURDERED*** WITHOUT ***MERCY.***

BUT THESE THINGS YOU ARE COMING TO UNDERSTAND. ONLY HOURS HAVE YOU GAZED AT THE ***WONDER,*** THE AWE INSPIRING ***VASTNESS*** OF A WORLD THAT WAS NEVER ***YOURS...***

...AND IT ***DOOMED*** YOUR SWEET SOUL. BUT, CHILD...POOR CHILD... ***HAVE*** YOU EVEN A ***SOUL?*** DADDY ALWAYS SAID A SOUL MAKES MAN ***DIVINE.***

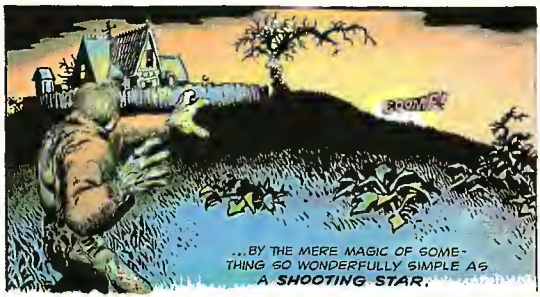
CAN A CHILD CREATED IN HOPELESS LOVE...CREATED FROM RANCID ***DEAD FLESH***...CREATED FROM ***NOTHING***...HAVE THAT ***DIVINE*** SPIRIT, THAT FLAWLESS HEAVENLY SPARK THAT MAKES MAN DIFFERENT FROM BEASTS?

IN YOUR LONELY, PAINFUL WANDERINGS HAVE YOU YET BECOME...***DIVINE?***

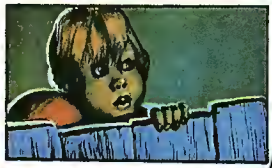


# CHILDHOOD'S END

HOW QUICKLY AN INNOCENT CHILD'S HURT CAN BE FORGOTTEN...


BOOM!
...BY THE MERE MAGIC OF SOMETHING SO WONDERFULLY SIMPLE AS A SHOOTING STAR.

ESPECIALLY WHEN IT FALLS DIRECTLY INTO YOUR LIFE.



WHAT IS IT, CHILD? WHAT WONDERFUL SOMETHING IS THIS?

SOMETHING AN ANGEL TOSSED ASIDE FOR A FRIGHTENED LITTLE ONE LIKE YOU TO FIND?

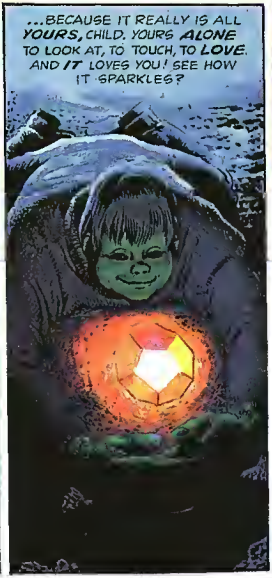
OHHH! A STAR FALLEN FROM HEAVEN!
DADDY OFTEN TALKED OF HEAVEN AND HOW WONDERFUL IT WILL BE WHEN WE GET TO GO THERE! HEAVEN IS FULL OF TWINKLING DELIGHTS.
AND YOU KNOW THIS IS A PIECE OF HEAVEN FOR SURE DON'T YOU?

MAYBE ITS A STAR THAT FELL OUT OF GOD'S CROWN. AND YOU, CHILD HAVE IT.
THIS SHINNING STAR MAKES YOU SOMETHING MORE SPECIAL THAN ANYONE ELSE IN THE WORLD.

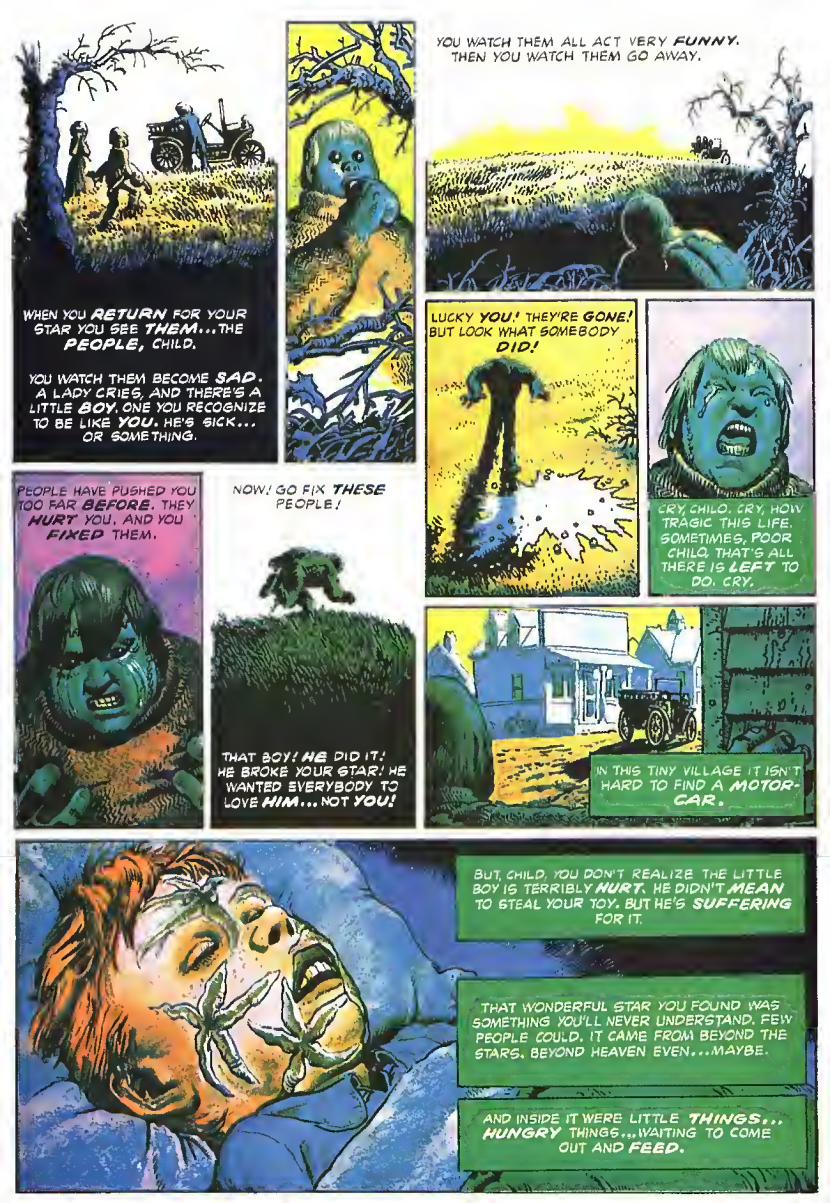
YOU HAVE IT! YOU HAVE GOD'S STAR! YOU!
IT'LL BE SO DIFFERENT FROM NOW ON. THEY... THE PEOPLE... WILL LOVE YOU. THEY'LL SAY, "GOD LOVES THIS CHILD!"

AND YOU'LL HOLD IT HIGH FOR EVERYONE TO SEE, AND THEY'LL SMILE AND LOVE YOU AND THEY'LL WONDER AT YOUR MAGIC STAR FROM HEAVEN.

BUT RIGHT NOW NO ONE ELSE CAN SEE YOUR STAR...


...BECAUSE IT REALLY IS ALL YOURS, CHILD. YOURS ALONE TO LOOK AT, TO TOUCH, TO LOVE. AND IT LOVES YOU! SEE HOW IT SPARKLES?

YES, CHILD, EVERYTHING WILL BE DIFFERENT.
BUT RIGHT NOW, YOU'RE HUNGRY.
YOU NEED TO FIND A HIDING PLACE.
A PLACE TO HIDE THE PRECIOUS STAR. THERE, UNDER THAT BUSH. NO ONE WILL FIND IT THERE.
HOW CLEVER YOU ARE! YOU HAVE LEARNED A LOT... NOW YOU CAN GO.
GO AND FIND SOMETHING TO EAT.
AND NOT WORRY ABOUT YOUR STAR.
FOR WHO COULD EVER BE AS SMART AS YOU, CHILD... TO FIND IT?
AND MAKE IT THEIR OWN!
YOU DO NOT KNOW AS YOU SEARCH FOR FOOD THAT THE LITTLE BOY HAS YOUR STAR.
YOU DO NOT KNOW THE STAR TWINKLES AS BEAUTIFULLY FOR HIM AS IT DOES FOR YOU...BUT THEN NEITHER DO YOU KNOW...
...THAT IT BEGINS TO THROB AND HUM!
KRAK!
THEN ERUPTS WITH AN INTERNAL COSMIC FURY THAT YOU COULD NEVER BEGIN TO COMPREHEND.


WHEN YOU RETURN FOR YOUR STAR YOU SEE THEM... THE PEOPLE, CHILD.
YOU WATCH THEM BECOME SAD. A LADY CRIES, AND THERE'S A LITTLE BOY, ONE YOU RECOGNIZE TO BE LIKE YOU. HE'S SICK... OR SOMETHING.
YOU WATCH THEM ALL ACT VERY FUNNY. THEN YOU WATCH THEM GO AWAY.
LUCKY YOU! THEY'RE GONE! BUT LOOK WHAT SOMEBODY DID!
CRY, CHILD. CRY, HOW TRAGIC THIS LIFE. SOMETIMES, POOR CHILD, THAT'S ALL THERE IS LEFT TO DO. CRY.
PEOPLE HAVE PUSHED YOU TOO FAR BEFORE. THEY HURT YOU, AND YOU FIXED THEM.
NOW! GO FIX THESE PEOPLE!
THAT BOY! HE DID IT! HE BROKE YOUR STAR! HE WANTED EVERYBODY TO LOVE HIM... NOT YOU!
IN THIS TINY VILLAGE IT ISN'T HARD TO FIND A MOTOR-CAR.
BUT, CHILD, YOU DON'T REALIZE THE LITTLE BOY IS TERRIBLY HURT. HE DIDN'T MEAN TO STEAL YOUR TOY. BUT HE'S SUFFERING FOR IT.
THAT WONDERFUL STAR YOU FOUND WAS SOMETHING YOU'LL NEVER UNDERSTAND. FEW PEOPLE COULD. IT CAME FROM BEYOND THE STARS, BEYOND HEAVEN EVEN...MAYBE.
AND INSIDE IT WERE LITTLE THINGS... HUNGRY THINGS...WAITING TO COME OUT AND FEED.

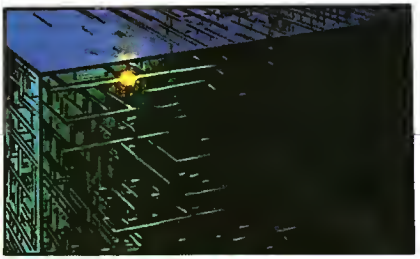
YOU LISTEN HARD. YOU HEAR THE MAN TALK IN THERE, BUT YOU DON'T UNDERSTAND. YOU DON'T CARE.
NEVER SEEN NOTHIN' LIKE IT! IT'S A KIND OF SPORE!
I GOT A THEORY... THESE THINGS ATTACH TO THE SKIN, ON THE FACE, NEAR THE BRAIN...
CAN'T BE SURE, BUT I BELIEVE THESE CREATURES ARE ACTUALLY FEEDING ON THE ELECTRICAL IMPULSES GENERATED BY THE BRAIN.
SINCE THE BOY WAS SEDATED, THEY'VE BECOME INACTIVE. LESS ELECTRICAL CHARGES EMITTED DURING SLEEP.
IF WE RIP THEM OFF, THEY'LL LEAVE THE BOY HORRIBLY DISFIGURED...
...IF WE LEAVE THEM ON... THEY'LL REPRODUCE MORE SPORES!
AND IF THEY'RE CUT, THEY'LL LEAVE SOMETHING AKIN TO A TICK'S HEAD AND GROW ANOTHER BODY.
THE BOY BROKE YOUR STAR! HE BROKE IT! AND YOU MUST PUNISH HIM, CHILD... SMASH HIM!
ANY AND ALL FACTORS ARE UNKNOWN AND FRIGHTENING! WHERE'D THEY COME FROM? DAMNED IF I COULD TELL YOU!
PUNISH HIM! NOW!
WHAT THE-- UUGHH!
KLUDGH!
WHAK!
CRASH!
DON'T LET THEM STOP YOU! NO ONE MUST EVER STOP YOU AGAIN! HURT THEM! HURT THEM ALL!

NOW QUICK CHILD, RUN! RUN AWAY! TAKE THE BAD LITTLE BOY AND PUNISH HIM. TAKE HIM TO WHERE THEY CANNOT FIND YOU.
GOD A'MIGHTY. GET THE SHERIFF! SOME KINDA MONSTER JUST KILLED DR. CAAN... KIDNAPPED MY BOY! GET HIM!
FASTER! RUN FASTER! YOU CAN HEAR THEM! THEY'RE AFTER YOU!
CLIMB, CHILD, CLIMB! THEY HATE YOU! CLIMB!
THAT'S HIM! HE WON'T STOP! HE'LL KILL THE BOY! GOTTA HALT THAT MANIAC!
MAYBE I CAN GET A CLEAR SHOT... JUST ONE CHANCE!

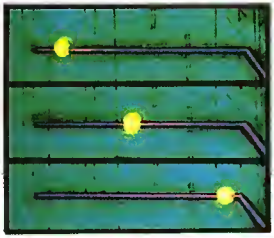
BANG
CAREFUL, A.D., DON'T HIT THE KID!
ONCE AGAIN IN YOUR TORMENTED LIFE YOU HEAR THE ACCURSED EXPLOSION OF GUNFIRE...
WHAP!
BLAM!
...AND FEEL THE IMPACT AND WRACKING PAIN.
KACHOW
THEY SHOOT YOU AGAIN AND AGAIN! WON'T THEY EVER STOP?!
GOT HIM!
DEAR GOD! THE MONSTER'S STILL MOVING! GET UP THERE! GET HIM! SAVE THAT KID!
THEY'RE COMING FOR YOU...
DADDY ALWAYS TAUGHT YOU TO FORGIVE...TO LOVE THOSE WHO EVEN HATE YOU...
...BUT SOMEHOW, NOW...
...IT DOESN'T MATTER.
NOTHING SEEMS TO MATTER EXCEPT...FOR SOME REASON...
...FORGIVENESS.
BUT CHILD, YOU DON'T EVEN REALIZE THAT IN YOUR GENTLE FORGIVENESS, YOU GAVE LIFE A CHANCE. YOU DON'T REALIZE THE SPORES LEFT THE BOY AND CAME TO YOU.
BUT WHAT MATTER...IF ONLY YOU COULD FLY AWAY FROM HERE...BE FREE OF HATE, FEAR... UNREASON...FLY AWAY TO HEAVEN...TO BE FREE, TO BE HAPPY.
AND AS YOU SIT, YOUR HEART FILLED WITH PAIN... SUDDENLY AS GENTLY AS A THISTLE ON THE BREEZE, YOU BECOME LIGHT. SO LIGHT AND YOU FLOAT AWAY TO THE EDGE OF THE WORLD.
YOU'RE FREE, CHILD, TO CHASE THE SHOUTING WIND ALONG IN THE ENDLESS AZURE HALLS OF THE MOST HIGH. FREE FROM PAIN AND TERROR. TO FLY FOREVER. DADDY IS WAITING TO HOLD HIS SWEET CHILD AGAIN...OUT THERE.
JUST RIDE THE BREEZE ACROSS THE CLOUDS, HE'S THERE WAITING, JUST BEYOND FOREVER, IN THE LAND OF THE DIVINE. JUST BEYOND FOREVER.

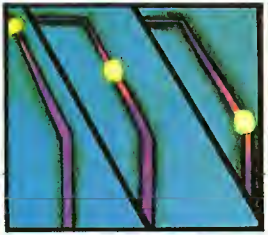
THIS IS A GAME CALLED ***TOP TO BOTTOM!***

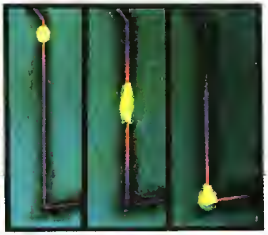
IT LOOKS EASY, DOESN'T IT? THE CUBE HAS MANY ***PASSAGE-WAYS*** THAT CHANGE DIRECTION ***EACH TIME*** IT IS MOVED!

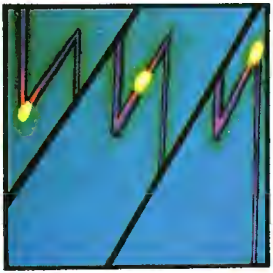


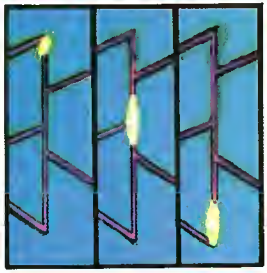
THE ***CUBE*** IS LIKE A ***MAZE!*** THE OBJECT OF THE GAME IS TO GET THE ***LIGHT*** FROM THE ***TOP*** TO THE ***BOTTOM!*** ***ANYONE*** CAN DO IT!

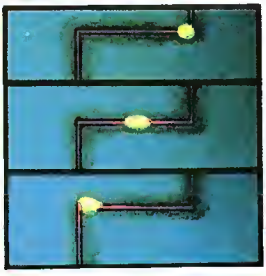




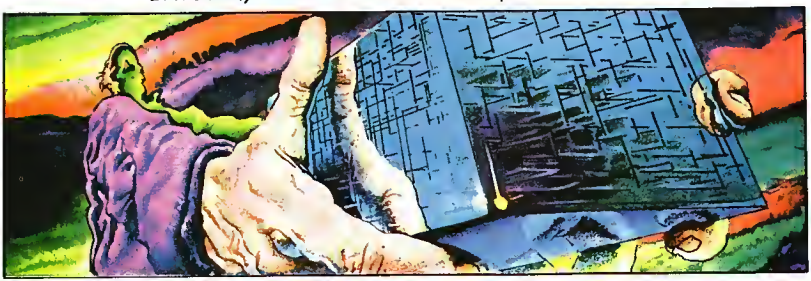


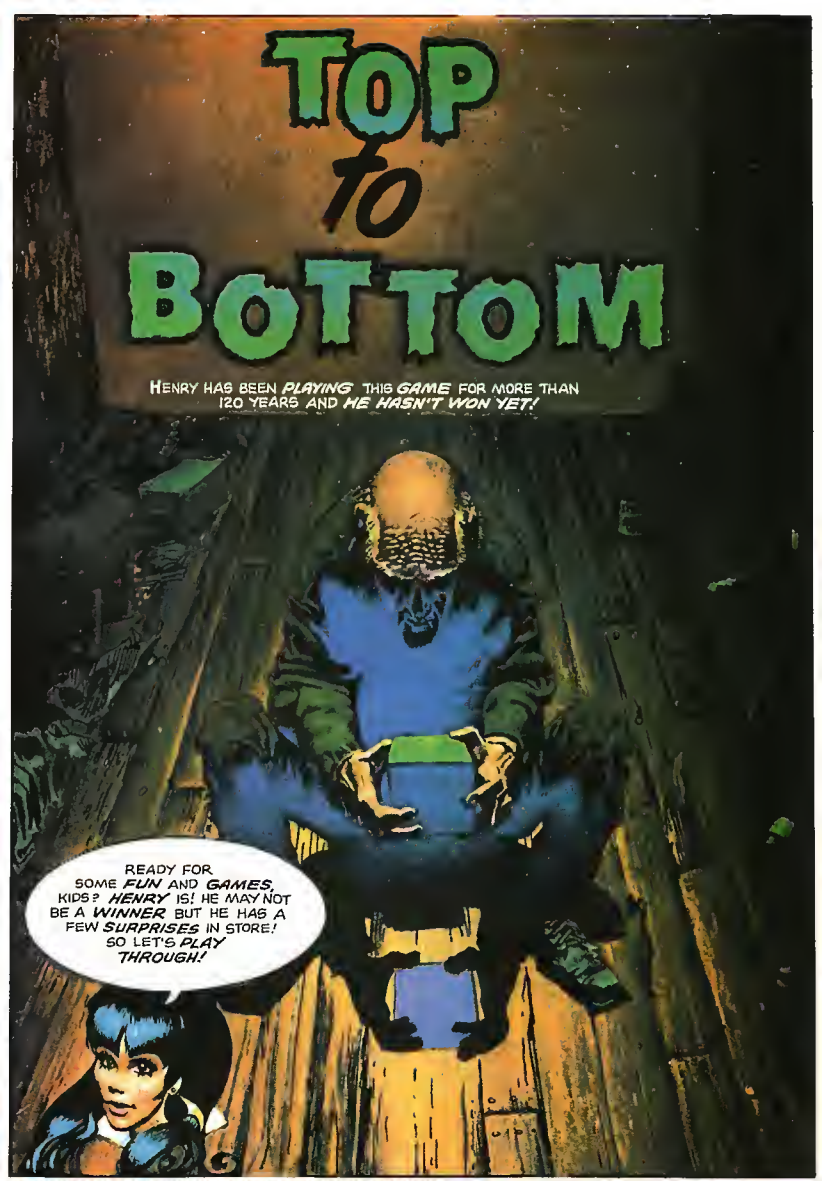






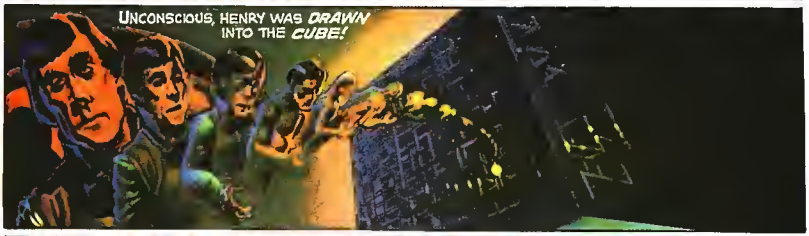
LOOKS ***EASY,*** DOESN'T IT? IF YOU ***THINK*** SO, ASK ***HENRY!***

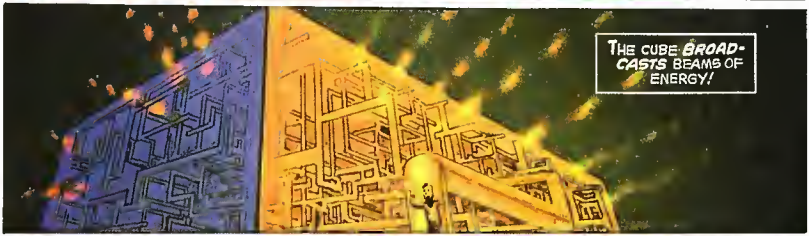





STORY: JACK BUTTERWORTH / ART: RICH CORBEN

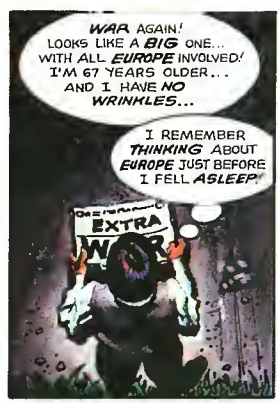
IN *1850*, HENRY *DISCOVERED* THE *CUBE* IN A *PAWN SHOP!* BACK HOME, HENRY LEARNS EVEN *MORE* ABOUT THE *CUBE*...



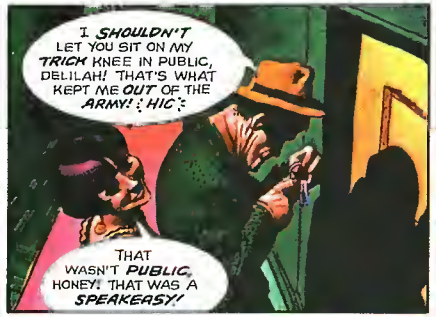




THEN IT *FADED* OUT OF *SIGHT!*

IT WAS 1861! THE CIVIL WAR HAD STARTED! HENRY STARED AT THE NEWSPAPER IN SHOCK... DISBELIEF!
THIS IS IMPOSSIBLE! I'VE LOST 11 YEARS OUT OF MY LIFE!
NO GRAY HAIRS! I DON'T LOOK ANY OLDER!
I... IT HAPPENED WHEN I PLAYED THAT GAME!
I REMEMBER FALLING INTO THE CUBE! BUT IT HAD TO BE A DREAM!
WAR BETWEEN THE STATES! ALL WE NEED NOW IS TO GO TO WAR WITH EUROPE!
WHEN HENRY AWOKE AGAIN IT WAS 1917!
EXTRA!
U.S. ENTERS WORLD WAR I!
EXTRA WAR



HENRY GOT A JOB AS A STOCKBROKER! BY THE TIME PROHIBITION ROLLED AROUND, HE WAS MAKING ENOUGH MONEY TO HAVE A REALLY GOOD TIME!



UNNOTICED, THE LIGHT RACED TO THE BOTTOM OF THE CUBE!

HENRY DID *NOT* HAVE A HAPPY AWAKENING!

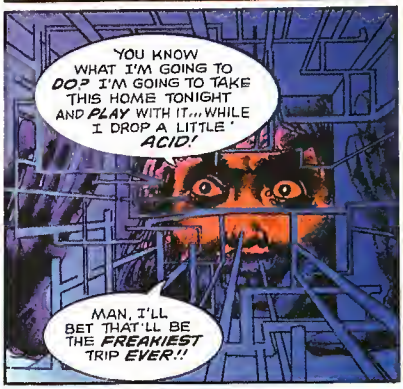
IT SEEMS SO HOPELESS! PEOPLE HAVE DIED, GREAT NATIONS HAVE GONE MAD OR BEEN DESTROYED!
I WAS A FOOL TO THINK I COULD BECOME RICH! I'M JUST ONE TINY MAN... AND THERE ARE SO MANY OTHER THINGS I COULD HAVE CONCENTRATED ON! CURING DISEASE... HALTING WARS... SAVING LIVES...
YOU HAVE DONE THE BEST YOU COULD, OLD MAN!
YOU CANNOT BE BLAMED FOR YOUR SHORTCOMINGS AS A MAN... FOR THE SHORTCOMING KNOWN AS GREED... IT IS IN ALL MEN!
I WAS LEFT ON YOUR PLANET AS A TEST OF YOUR RACE. I BROADCAST AND AMPLIFY THE EGO OF EACH PLAYER... SO THAT THEY BECOME PART OF EVERY PERSON IN THE WORLD!
THAT IS HOW I... WE CREATE HISTORY!
YES, YOU ARE GREEDY... BUT SO ARE ALL MEN. YOU ARE NOT RESPONSIBLE FOR THAT!
YOU MIGHT HAVE BROUGHT PEACE TO MANKIND, BUT YOUR INNER BEING AFFECTED HISTORY OTHERWISE!
B... BUT YOU SAID YOU WERE A GAME... FOR CHILDREN!
YES. A CHILD IS AT PEACE WITH HIMSELF... WITH OTHERS! A CHILD COULD HAVE MADE THIS WORLD A PARADISE THROUGH ME! YOU HAVE MADE IT A LIVING HELL!
YOU HAVE LEARNED TOO LATE, THAT RICHES... WEALTH MEAN NOTHING! BUT AN EVIL MAN WOULD HAVE DESTROYED IT COMPLETELY!
I CAN'T KEEP YOU ALIVE FOR MUCH LONGER AND IT IS TIME I HAD A NEW PLAYER!
YOU ARE FREE!
FREE?

WHAMM!

YOU SHOULDN'T HAVE HIT HIM SO HARD!

DO YOU THINK THERE'S ANYTHING WORTH TAKING?
LET'S JUST GET OUT OF HERE!

HEY, THIS IS GREAT! LOOK, THERE'S A LOT OF PATHS INSIDE THE CUBE...
... AND THAT LIGHT TRAVELS ALONG THEM ... FROM TOP TO BOTTOM!


YOU KNOW WHAT I'M GOING TO DO? I'M GOING TO TAKE THIS HOME TONIGHT AND PLAY WITH IT... WHILE I DROP A LITTLE ACID!
MAN, I'LL BET THAT'LL BE THE FREAKIEST TRIP EVER!!

# ·EUROTICA·
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## SECRETS

A new collection of beautifully painted fantasy pieces by the master Spanish artist often seen on the front cover of Heavy Metal and on leading fantasy paperbacks. In turn sensuous, frightening and mysterious, Royo's luminescent pieces sparkle in this luxuriously presented full color trade paperback.

9x12, 80pp., full color trade pb.: $16.95
ISBN 1-56163-162-0

## WOMEN

After the greatly successful release of his new "Secrets" collection, NBM is proud to bring back to press a previous collection of paintings by this Spanish cover artist extraordinaire. Available only briefly and in much demand since, this book contains works of fantasy, hard SF and sensuality with covers done for Berkley, Tor and Warner, and even some of his early comics work.

9x12, 80pp., full color, trade pb.: $16.95
ISBN 1-56163-171-X

## MALEFIC

Here is another gorgeous eyeful from the Spanish cover artist extraordinaire. Just like "Women", this collection came out briefly a few years ago only to be quickly sold out and unavailable since. Sexy, sensuous, horrific fantasy art as done for the covers of Heavy Metal and leading mass market publishers.

9x12, 80pp., full color trade pb.: $16.95
ISBN 1-56163-181-7

FOR MATURE AUDIENCES

See preview pages and regular updates on our website at: http://www.nbmpub.com

## GUSTAV, P.I.
## The Case of the Bloodless Politician
**Ken Meyer, Jr. • Malcolm Bourne**

1997, London, the last days of a discredited Conservative government. A prominent governmental advocate of family moral values is found naked, bound and gagged and very dead, with a hole in his chest and his heart literally ripped from its cavity. This is the latest in a series of similarly horrific murders that heretofore involved prostitutes and rent-boys. Enter police commissioner Jackie McBride and her old friend -and lover- Gustav, self-appointed "Paranormal Investigator", secretly using his supernatural advantages to solve cases beyond "mortal" comprehension. For Gustav is a vampire in a world which long ago stopped believing such things.
And maybe he's not the only one.
Beautifully full painted art!

"Bourne does an outstanding job of escaping the cliches and Meyer's art is graceful and effective."
Panel of retailers, **Comics Buyers Guide**.

8½x11, 48pp., full color trade pb: $9.95
ISBN 1-56163-205-8

## VERDILAK
**Bo Hampton • Mark Kneece**

A beautifully painted haunting vampire tale. Beware of the Verdilak curse. Once under it, loved ones rise from the dead and can only feed upon you! Such was the curse set by devil-spawn Ramash when he took in a frightened lost girl for shelter only to lose her to a handsome highwayman. Years later, a sceptical Vladimir Grandier comes to claim his inheritance in that forsaken land where such curses are part of every day life. Drawn in by the beautiful Svenya, he becomes mired in an ever-quickening spiral of self-destruction in her family which he desperately tries to stop.

"Expect nothing less than brilliance from this book!" **Washington Times**

8½x11, 72 pp., full color, trade pb. with flaps: $14.95
ISBN 1-56163-146-9
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Merlin foretells the coming of Uther, head of the Pendragon dynasty, who, with vengeance in his heart and battle in his blood, will reunite the British Isles and drive the invaders back into a sea turned red with their blood; and how, when victory is in his grasp, his lust for another's wife will send it slipping from his hand, bringing chaos and anarchy.

8½x11, 64pp., full color, trade pb.: $11.95
ISBN 1-56163-110-8

**Signed & numbered edition**: limited to 500, clothbound and jacketed with a special tipped-in plate signed by the artists: $45.
ISBN 1-56163-111-6

## DRACULA
## A Symphony in Moonlight & Nightmares
**Jon J Muth**

"I will show you that your soul, too, is a hunter." Jon J (Moonshadow, Havoc/Wolverine Meltdown) Muth lyrically mixes the psychological, the horror, and the suggestive in a series of sensuously disturbing watercolors.

"Exquisite, delicate watercolors" **Newsweek**

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If you haven't checked out this series lately, now's the time! Stories are getting better with each new album especially as fascinating elements of Sci-Fi are being mixed in with the classic heroic fantasy.

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**Andreas**

A man of special psychic powers. Dangerous powers. Powers that others envy.

"Exceptionally well-drawn" **Science Fiction Chronicle**
"Fascinating" **Midwest Book Review**

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8½x11, 56pp., full-color trade pb: $9.95 ISBN 1-56163-016-0

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**Vol. 3: The Graveyard of Cathedrals & Starlight**
Two stories are presented in one album. An archeological expedition is mounted to investigate a mysterious phenomenon deep in a jungle. Rork joins the expedition midway sensing with his strong psychic powers a disturbing force surrounding that very phenomenon.
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## STORIES OF THE FANTASTIC

**Cities of The Fantastic**
**Schuiten • Peeters**

A world of cities and civilizations stunningly rendered and imaginatively written by two top European artists.

"Magnificently stylish" **Publishers Weekly**

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9x12, 112pp.,16 in full color, trade pb.: $14.95 ISBN 1-56163-070-5

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**Ellison • Corben**

A boy and his dog. Ellison's hard-edged Hugo and Nebula winner.

"Ellison and Corben form an ideally matched team." **Publishers Weekly**

8½x11, 64pp., full color trade pb: $8.95
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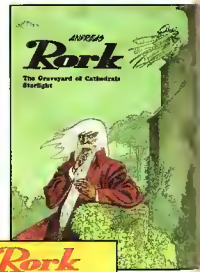

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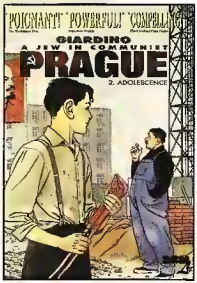

**By Vittorio GIARDINO**
**A JEW IN COMMUNIST PRAGUE**

A brilliantly written graphic novel about the real human experience of living behind the iron curtain from one of Italy's leading comic artists.

Only some of what the press has to say about this series:

"BEST COMICS OF '97! A powerful, moving chronicle of a Jewish boy coming of age in 1950's Communist Prague." **Publishers Weekly**

"The poignant story is made more haunting by Giardino's meticulously detailed artwork." **The Washington Post**

"A compelling story about anti-semitism." Mike Sangiacomo-**The Cleveland Plain Dealer**

"Potent and haunting." **Forward**

"Unobtrusively masterly graphic novel" **Booklist**

"Visually compelling and historically resonant, Giardino's full color narrative is evolving into a masterwork of its kind." **Kirkus Reviews**

"Favorite Graphic Novel of the Year!" Joe Szadkowski, **The Washington Times**

## NEW! (July)
## A JEW IN COMMUNIST PRAGUE
## Vol.3: Rebellion

The authorities are getting a notion of underground literary movements of the type Jonas has joined and the screws are being turned to ferret them out. As it turns out, Jonas discovers his bookstore owner boss is deeply involved in one himself and the authorities are onto him. Jonas braves great danger to help him out. Meanwhile, the girl he's gotten involved with is under tremendous pressure to not see him. The more pressure they come under, however, the harder their resolve to see each other strengthens.

8½x11, 56pp., full color trade pb.: $11.95
ISBN 1-56163-209-0

**Already available:**

## Vol.1: Loss of Innocence

8½x11, 48pp., full color trade pb.: $11.95
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## Vol.2: Adolescence

8½x11, 48pp., full color trade pb.: $11.95
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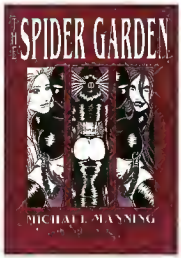
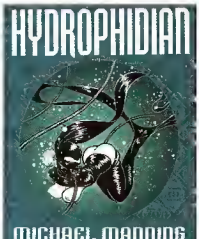
## ORIENT GATEWAY

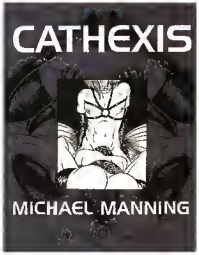
Summer 1938. Europe is teetering on the brink. In the far corners of the world, the intelligence agencies of the major powers fall into a frenzy of relentless warring. One Mr. Stern, an engineer, becomes the stakes in this shadowy conflict. In Istanbul, Max Friedman and the intoxicating Magda Witnitz will do everything to save him.

"A wonderfully crafted thriller!" Panel of retailers, **Comics Buyers Guide.**

8½x11, 64pp., full color trade pb: $13.95
For Mature Audiences. ISBN 1-56163-184-1



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**By MICHAEL MANNING**

Already famous in the Bay Area, his irresistible art mixes influences from Japanese prints to Guido Crepax. The Spider Garden launches a seething fetishistically erotic "Manning Mythology" pressing the boundaries of sexuality.

"Stunning, swirling visions of a wildly ambisexual alternate reality... Divine and hellish creatures from a dozen different mythologies participate in rand, visceral sexual practice..." **Screw**

"Breathtaking! Manning's intensely erotic images overpower the senses." **Skin Two**

"The best American fetish artist since Eric Stanton and John Willie. Takes the awe-struck reader to a new plateau of fascinating mythological perversion." David Aaron Clark-**Spectator**

"So hot, it makes one wish..." **Taste of Latex**

"Incendiary!" **Wired**

"Breathtaking" **Adult Video News**

## NEW! (JULY)

## TRANCEPTOR

**Michael Manning, Patrick Conlon**

In the industrial wastelands of a post-cataclysmic world, the lives of the miners who maintain way-station no. 56 are difficult and uneventful. Hyu, the youngest member of the work force, has seen his last hopes for a better life fade away when suddenly everything changes with the arrival of a beautiful and enigmatic young woman in her horsegirl-drawn carriage. She is a tranceptor, acolyte of the mysterious sisterhood skilled in both the martial and erotic arts. In the course of her mission shrouded in mystery, she uses the voluptuous bodies of her slave girls to initiate the naive Hyu and matches her erotic talents against those of her fellow tranceptor, the luscious and treacherous Ravanna.

8 1/2x11, 64pp., B&W trade pb., $10.95
ISBN 1-56163-211-2

## THE SPIDER GARDEN

In the mansion of the androgyne Shaalis, leather concubines wait to serve Hir every whim.

8x11 1/2, 96pp., B&W, color and foil-stamped cover, trade pb.: $11.95 ISBN 1-56163-117-5

## HYDROPHIDIAN

Enter the sequel to the best-selling Spider Garden, the aqueous palace of the Water Snake Clan. Watch the transformation of Arha to latex-bound plaything. Experience the mystery of the beautiful Okami.

8x11 1/2, 64pp., B&W, color and foil-stamped cover, trade pb.: $10.95, ISBN 1-56163-167-1

## LUMENAGERIE

An erotic beastiary with seven categories: Domina, Aviatrix, Canus, Gynandros, Equine, Servus, Noctua.

8 1/2x11, 80pp., B&W, color and foil-stamped cover, trade pb.: $11.95, ISBN 1-56163-151-5

## CATHEXIS

A collection of erotic stories and images where reality is transcended through sexual excess. An enchanting dominatrix reshapes a beautiful boy into her female plaything; A mysterious metal box creates organic hallucinations; A young woman becomes sexually obsessed with the creature left in her care.

"Highly recommended for fans of extreme and imaginative S&M artwork." **Adult Video News**

8 1/2x11, 104pp., B&W, color cover, trade pb.: $12.95
ISBN 1-56163-174-4

FOR ADULTS ONLY

## THE PHOEBE CHRONICLES

**Keith Leonard • Jose Varese**

**NEW! (Sept.)**

**Vol.2: Angels of Death**

The repressive ruler Swag-Gert has sent his angels of death in hot pursuit of his derelict daughter Phoebe. She is forced to land with her rebel co-horts Barbi & Hoseman on a planet that soon overwhelms their senses begging for the hottest release!

8 1/2 x11, 64pp., B&W, trade pb.: $9.95

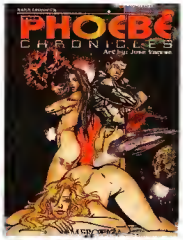
ISBN 1-56163-221-X

**Vol.1**

A new erotic Sci-Fi series launching an exciting explosive new talent: Jose Varese! This guy knows how to draw women and he gets plenty of occasions in this sex-drenched romp in the future! The galaxy is ruled by the repressive Swag-Gert and his beautiful daughter Phoebe seeks escape. She lands on a rebel group eager to spirit her away for their cause and quickly gets involved with the dangerously lustful Barbi and the impressively endowed bio-synthoid Hoseman.

8 1/2x11, 64pp., B&W, color cover: $9.95

ISBN 1-56163-182-5




**NEW! (Dec.)**

## BLIND SQUIRREL, Vol.1

**Julius Zimmerman**

Even a blind squirrel finds an acorn once in a while! Amerotica launches another brilliant talent with light-hearted mouth-wateringly painted stories with deliciously funny final twists!

8 1/2x11, 48pp., B&W trade pb.: $8.95. ISBN 1-56163-220-1

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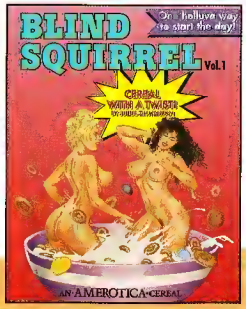

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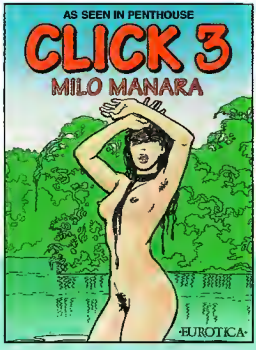


## By MILO MANARA

The ultimate artist of the beautiful woman in ecstasy! His Click books are now serializing in Penthouse magazine!

### CLICK!

Frigid rich bitch Claudia gets a little implant in the right spot with a remote control. Turn the knob and voila! She's a hot cauldron of unleashed lust!

Vol.1: 8½x11½, 48pp.; full color, trade pb.:$9.95
ISBN 1-56163-084-5

Vol.2: 8½x11½, 72pp.; full color, trade pb.:$12.95
ISBN 1-56163-062-4

### NEW! (June)
### CLICK 3

**Milo Manara**

This series takes a looney turn to the obscenely absurd as Claudia goes for a shoot in the Amazon forest. She cannot believe what she finds: a girl who becomes clairvoyant when administered drugged enemas! A guru who keeps a whole sect perpetually on the verge of orgasm so as to get in touch with the stars! And when she puts all this on tape to denounce it, they use the remote to deliver her in burning heat to a camp of miners who haven't seen a woman in ages!

8½x11, 72pp., full color trade pb: $12.95
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## THE ADVENTURES OF GIUSEPPE BERGMAN

Whimsical Felliniesque stories of exotic and erotic adventure.

### NEW! (Aug.)
### TO SEE THE STARS

**Milo Manara**

Bergman runs into a strange bird, a beautiful girl who fancies herself caught up in the stories behind a series of classic paintings. Her innocence and free spirit fly in the face of our crass world but she remains fascinatingly unsoiled by it! A thoughtful and lyrical new tome in Manara's adventures Of Giuseppe Bergman.

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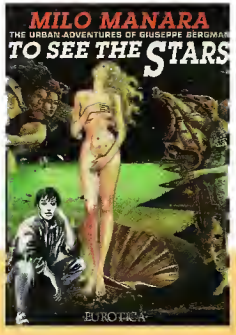

### THE GREAT ADVENTURE

(HP & Guiseppe Bergman).

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The African adventures, part 1.

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The Indian adventures.

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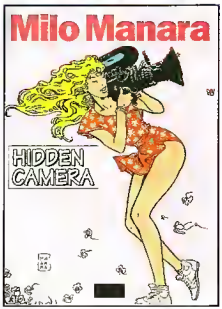


## By MANARA

### MANARA'S KAMA SUTRA

Beautiful Manara temptress Parva gets a mysterious box by accident. Inside, she finds a magic phallic snake that, when rubbed, brings out a male genie of her dreams who tells her for him to become of flesh she must undergo a series of arduous sexual tests from the ancient Kama Sutra. She's ready and willing! Another beautifully sensuous, irresistible album from the Italian master of erotica yet even more hard-core than any he's done!

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8½x11½, 72pp., full color trade pb.: $13.95
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### BUTTERSCOTCH

How would you like to become invisible so you can do with women whatever you like? Especially in public! Imagine a gorgeous Manara girl writhing in ecstasy because of the dirty tricks you're performing on her... in a high class restaurant! And that's only the beginning.

Vol.1:8½x11½, 64pp.; full color trade pb.:$12.95
ISBN 1-56163-109-4

Vol.2:8½x11½, 48pp., full color trade pb.: $10.95
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### THE ART OF SPANKING

**With Jacques Enard**

A classic tome where the heroine is introduced to the spicy pleasures of being administered- and administering- spankings! Manara beautifully and abundantly illustrates the tongue-in-(ahem)-cheek text.

Luxuriously presented trade paper back in sepia and black colors and with flaps.

"Using only black, white and beige washes with subdued, delicate line, Manara makes the deliciously explicit tributes to the thrills of 'thwack!' seem almost chaste."
**Masquerade Review**

8½x11, 96pp.; $17.95, ISBN 1-56163-090-X

**Collector's Edition:** hardcover with mounted art. Tip-in sheet with new art. Signed by Manara. Limited and numbered to S00: $45.

### SHORTS

A collection of sexy stories.

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### HIDDEN CAMERA

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8½x11, 48pp.;$10.95, ISBN 1-56163-114-0

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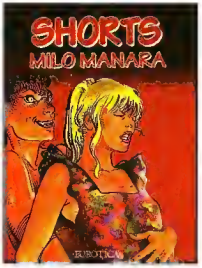


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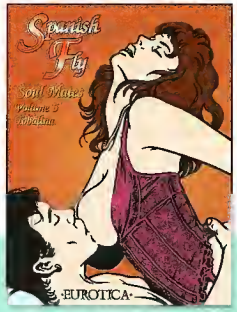

## SPANISH FLY
**Tobalina**

The physical and mental ecstasy and anguish of se hot blooded Spanish style! Macho meets chicas mu bonitas with each story a different exciting situatio Tobalina's artwork will raise your temperature, guara teed!

"hot stuff going on here...with brains" **EIDOS**

"Very sexy" **Adult Video News**

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Vol. 2: 64pp., $9.95, ISBN 1-56163-154-X
Vol. 3: 56pp., $8.95, ISBN 1-56163-179-5
Vol. 4: 64pp., full color trade pb.: $12.95, ISBN 1-56163-195-7

## NEW! (Nov.)
**Volume 5: SOUL MATES**

Celia is pregnant and her husband that she loves, Ale a policeman, is doing a lot of overtime. What he does n't know is that she has a lifetime lover, a female love Carmen, and the truth is itching to be out. Beautiful written, beautifully painted in full color, beautiful hardcore.

8½x11, 48pp., full color trade pb.: $10.95
ISBN 1-56163-222-8

**Introducing:**

·EUROTICA·
TOONS

## NEW! (Aug.)
**GRIN & BARE IT**

A new line of funny, lewd gag books from Europe Mostly sight gags that'll draw smirks, guffaws & bell laughs. Not only tickles but proudly raises the funn bone! In full color and at a very attractively low price!

8½x11, 48pp., full color pb.: $6.95
ISBN 1-56163-219-8
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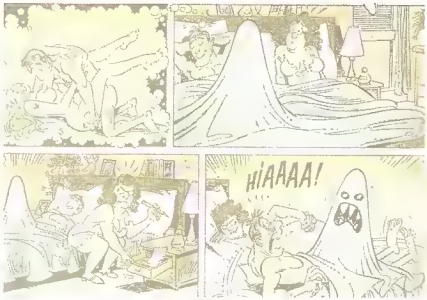

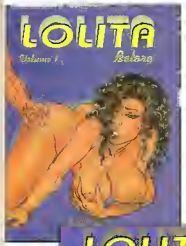


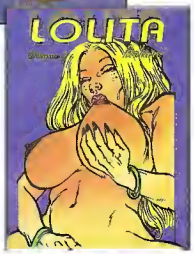

## LOLITA

**Belore**

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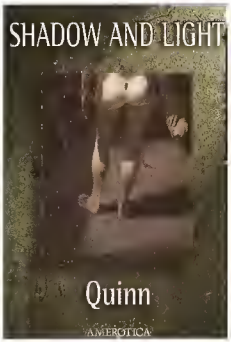


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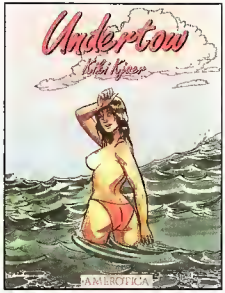


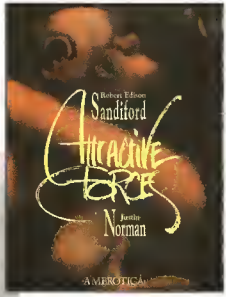

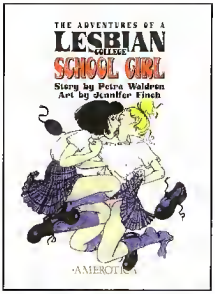


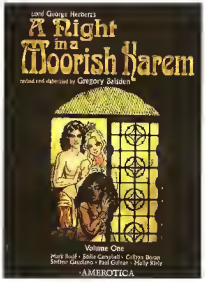

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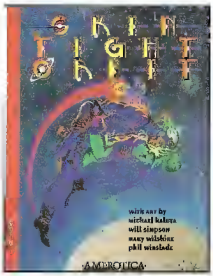

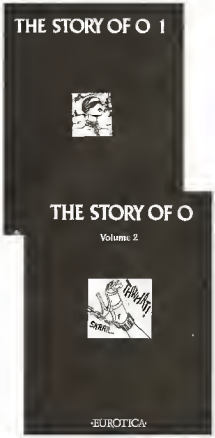

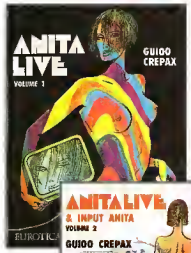

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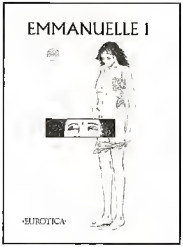

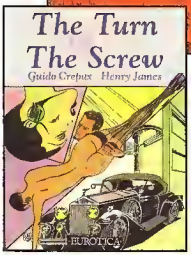

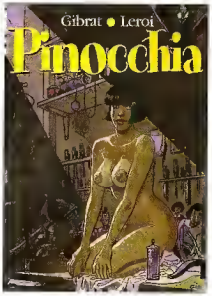


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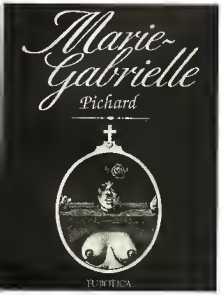


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